TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

NEVER MORE.

O sweetness that can never more return!
Thou art passed out of life—and whither flown?
The hard pruned bough may heal, and sprout anew,
And some light hearts may all too quickly learn
To spare the brave and live without the true.

But as some painter that yet seeks in vain
The long wood order for his hungry eyes,
And dreams it woven on some foreign loom,
To wake and find it missing 'neath his sky,
So have we lost a glory to the tomb.

Spring shall come round, and all her sounds be dear,
And sweet her lips with all-ambrosial dew,
The wooing sun shall set earth's heart astir,
And she rejoice, and we have a rapture too,
But one hushed chord shall no more answer her.

Out of life's stingy wool one thread is drawn,
Death's face hath bleached for us her fairest dye;
One flower that bloomed is fallen—later flower
Will never shine as sweet in nature's sky.
Fill this blank place, that fragrant scent restore.

Ah, painter! take thy brush, for life is short,
And use the colors left thee—they are fair—
But carry still the hunger at thine heart
For that which is not there.
Henceforth upon thy pallette and my life
One unfilled place lies bare.—*The Spectator.*

Our Story Teller.

THE TELL-TALE NECKLACE;

—OR—

The Soldier of Fontenoy.

A Tale of Circumstantial Evidence.

CHAPTER VII—CONTINUED.

THE CHANOINESSE.

The two ladies returned to their conversation, quietly watching the low bows and graceful courtesies interchanged between the young people.

Seeing Raoul back again, apparently unaffected by his coolness, Adrienne, after a few words, left him to Valentine, and turned the whole battery of her charms on Henri de Calonne.

He certainly justified Raoul's encomiums as far as appearance was concerned. Tall, well-formed, and singularly graceful in his bearing, he wore his beauty as he did his proud name, with apparent unconsciousness of its possession.

Attractive as Adrienne was to him, as his friend's constant theme of conversation, he found himself turning to watch Valentine's flushing cheeks and brilliant eyes, glowing with the pleasure which the novelty of the situation afforded her.

To emerge from the quiet monotony of school life, and find herself transported, as it were, to fairy land, with two beautiful princes waiting upon her and her darling Adrienne, would but feebly express what she was experiencing. The reality was far beyond what her waking dreams and odd knowledge of fairy love had ever pictured. These handsome, dark eyed men, strong in their manhood, equipped in costly uniforms, with swords at their sides, as if ready for war, could, with courteous words, and deference in every motion, adapt themselves to the whims and fancies of two careless, fragile girls, not out of their teens, and with only girlhood's charms for weapons, offensive and defensive.

"Really, a lovely garden scene," said the duke, returning, and comprehending the feelings of four of the party.

"Ah, yes," sighed the chanoinesse. "We, too, have been young! It only comes once—the rose-colored atmosphere that makes the earth and everything upon it enchanting. Henri is the image of his father. If he also inherits his character, then he is worthy of all blessings."

"He is a fine officer and a gentleman," said the duke, with his usual decision.

"Then I can feel proud of my godson," said the chanoinesse.

"I congratulate you on the relationship," said the duke, laughing at her earnestness. "Our Damon and Pythias are the model men of the regiment."

The chanoinesse looked at the people, now exploring for flowers in the distant garden, and gradually sank into a pleasant reverie.

As the duchess expected and hoped, the little party returned laden with blossoms, and full of delightful plans for future amusement.

A visit to Toulon was arranged for the next day, and the details were discussed until it was time for the young men to return to the city.

Adrienne was as gentle and winning as the most ardent lover could desire, and allowed Raoul to kiss the tips of her little fingers as he was leaving. The marquis bowed low in response to Valentine's deep courtesy, but their eyes were fixed on the ground. The chanoinesse observed closely, but if Valentine was in danger of loving at first sight, her features did not betray her.

She put her arm around Adrienne, and drew her along the stone terrace.

"My rose, Adrienne, that you gave me in the garden, I cannot find. I put it in my lace quite safely, I am quite sure."

"Oh, you have dropped it in the paths; never mind about it. What do you think of my—that is of—"

"Of your Raoul! That is exactly what you meant, Adrienne. I am sure that any one could see that he is yours, heart and soul. The poor fellow does not take his eyes off you."

"Now, Valentine."

"It is really true. He talked to me with his eyes fixed on your face."

"Well, and some one else talked to me with his eyes fixed on your face, Valentine."

Valentine flushed slightly, then her eyes brightened.

"It was all lovely, was it not?—the visit."

"Charming! I think Raoul is most agreeable when he has his dearest friend with him."

"And perhaps he is of the same opinion. Oh, Adrienne, how can you worry him with indifference and cold glances, when he is so fond of you?"

"It is such an old story, Valentine."

"Oh, Adrienne, you can afford to trifle with his affections because you are so rich in love. But I, Adrienne, have only you and the chanoinesse to love me. I dare not play with a loving heart or wound it, as you do so thoughtlessly."

"Because you are sensible and I am foolish. Indeed, Valentine, I am not so unkind as you think me, for after Raoul has left me I suffer with regret for my own neglect of him. But you see, when he is with me, he looks so tall and strong that I just love to plague him."

"If you really blame yourself at times, dear Adrienne, then you do not need any words of warning from me. Tell me, how have you been since you left the college?"

"Unusually well. My vision has not troubled me. I have had so many pleasant occupations and distractions that I suppose my mind does not recall it nor dwell upon it. I used to fear that my reason was giving way; it was so terrible to be fully under the influence of that voice and those sad eyes, and to hear those fearful words spoken to me, and then to waken in the morning and hear the birds singing, and see the sun shining as joyously as ever, and to realize that no one had been disturbed but myself. Surely, it would be pronounced a delusion—the beginning of madness."

"Oh, no, Adrienne; it is some fancy that has taken strong hold upon you, and, when not occupied with other subjects, your imagination pictures it vividly to your excited senses. Now that you are so happy, and so busy with pleasant cares and amusements, it will gradually fade from your memory."

"You dear comforter! may your words be true ones, for I dread the return of that mysterious feeling that creeps over me—a feeling that one day I shall see those eyes and hear that voice in daylight, when there can be no passing them over as mere fancies of a nervous brain. Oh, Valentine, if that day comes, what shall I do?"

"You must not give way to this terrible foreboding; this almost invoking of evil. Come, Adrienne, I hear them calling us; and see! there is that astonishing man coming toward us."

"Oh, yes; that is Dennis O'Rourke, once the sergeant of a company in my father's old regiment—the 'King's Own.' Dear old fellow! his face I remember longer than any other. I believe that when I was quite little I had a severe attack of fever, and when I was recovered O'Rourke used to take me out in the parks, and carry me when I was tired, thus managing to keep me for hours in the open air—a course of treatment which is supposed to have saved my life."

"No wonder you are fond of him."

"He does pretty much as he pleases; orders around the other servants, worries father nearly out of his senses by his blunders, and often completely upsets the dignity of the family, but, for my sake, O'Rourke will always remain with us."

"Another slave! Adrienne, you possess the gift of winning hearts. Do not undervalue them when won."

"And you have won mine—a poor thing, but wholly yours."

CHAPTER VIII.

PLEASANT DREAMS.

The chanoinesse was the most delightful of chaperons, the most sympathetic of friends, always ready for a drive to the city, or a ramble through the woods.

As she had expressed it, she too had been young, and she knew precisely how to make time pleasant for the bright creatures before whom life was so happily opening.

The duke was expecting visitors from the capital, and a series of receptions, in honor of the guests, was under discussion. The girls were soon absorbed in the attractive subjects of presentations and suitable dresses for these brilliant occasions. For days they spent their mornings inspecting brocades and satins, laces and flowers. Fortunately, their difference in complexion, eyes and hair, prevented all chance of rivalry. Both were beautiful; but Adrienne chose delicate blues and pinks in the flowers on her heavy brocades, while Valentine selected amber tints and crimson hues to enhance the splendor of her dark, brilliant eyes.

Days and weeks had slipped by; the chanoinesse seemed in no hurry to return to her quiet duties at the college.

One morning she came out on the terrace, followed by Raoul and the Marquis de Calonne.

"Bad news, girls!" she cried, holding up an open letter. "I am called to Paris, and must leave you to-morrow."

"Oh, dear!" cried the two voices; and the girls left their embroidery and hastened to hear her reasons for going away just when needed there.

"But Valentine?" said Adrienne, catching her friend's hand.

"You must not look so startled, Adrienne. Valentine will remain with you."

"Oh, charming! delightful!" was the reply.

"But when will you return?" asked Valentine, with serious eyes and sad tones.

"It is very uncertain, my dear. But do not fret about me; I shall have a pleasant visit in Paris, and shall enjoy it all the more knowing how happy you are here."

"And will you go alone, that long, tiresome journey?"

"No; I am to have an agreeable companion. In fact"—here the chanoinesse looked at Adrienne—"Raoul has proposed to be my escort."

"Raoul!"

It was Adrienne's voice, full of astonishment.

"Yes;" and the chanoinesse sighed. "Raoul intends to return to Paris."

"To Paris!" echoed Adrienne, with a quick glance at Raoul's averted face.

"Well, you see, Raoul loves a young lady who does not love him——"

"But she does love him! She——" Adrienne suddenly bit her lip and hid her face on Valentine's shoulder.

"You hear, Raoul! I think you had better settle this affair with the young lady."

"Yes, Adrienne, you must decide now, once for all," said Raoul, approaching. "I can bear this suspense no longer! To-day believing myself beloved, to-morrow, fearing that I but deceive my own heart with false hopes. You know my meaning. I love you; but unless I can feel that my love is returned, I must leave you."

"You need not," said Adrienne, giving him her hand, and smiling in his earnest face. "I would rather have my cross old Raoul here than in Paris."

"What is all this?" asked the duke, making his appearance on the terrace.

Raoul's animated features, and Adrienne's blushes, were suspicious. The chanoinesse stepped between them.

"We have been discussing a very—very interesting question; how a young gentleman should ask for the hand of the lady whom he loves."

"Oh, the easiest thing in the world," said the unconscious duke, seating himself, and looking directly at the marquis. "Just call on the father, or proper guardian of the young lady, and say: 'Sir, I love your daughter, and am honored by her affections. I ask you for her hand in marriage.' Then, of course, he mentions his fortune, and so forth. The parents, of course, have been quite aware of what was coming, and freely give their consent."

"Then, I have only to say that here is the gentleman, you are the father, and there stands the young lady," said the chanoinesse, with a comprehensive glance around her.

"What, Raoul! and you, Adrienne?" His voice shook slightly. "Come here, then." He kissed his daughter, looked fondly into her eyes, and then put her little hand into Raoul's. "There, I need not tell you to love one another—that you have learned to do without any lessons from me, and having learned it, I believe there is nothing to add to it." He turned away quickly and met Valentine's tearful eyes regarding him with unspoken admiration, the silent homage offered to a good man's emotion. Her glance seemed to remind the duke of a forgotten charge, and he soon rejoined the merry little group, all crowding around the duchess for kisses and congratulations. Even O'Rourke had to press Adrienne's hand in his, and call down upon her head all the blessings in the calendar.

"I think I managed that very judiciously," said the chanoinesse; "although I have lost my escort by the act. However, I have often journeyed alone to Paris."

"Perhaps," said the duke, coming forward, and speaking with emphasis, "there will be another young gentleman setting out for the capital, who can act as escort in Raoul's place."

"Indeed! and who may he be," asked the chanoinesse. "Do I know him?"

"Oh, yes quite well. The truth is, he took me into his confidence, a few days since, in a matter that closely concerns his happiness."

"You interest me," said the chanoinesse.

"Although noble, handsome, and a brave soldier, the young gentleman is, at present, quite embarrassed in regard to fortune. What is worse, he is deeply, passionately in love."

"Oh, dear—poor and passionately in love. I pity him. But the young lady; does she return his love?"

"Most decidedly."

"And is she rich?"

"Alas! no; she has no dower. That is the trouble. The young man would like to try his chances of earning fame like to try his chances of earning fame and fortune at the court or in the field, but before starting he would like to ask the young lady's guardian a favor."

"Proceed; this is really romantic. What is this boon?"

"Simply that the young lady would be allowed to wait for him, until he is in a position to offer marriage with the requisite attachments—houses, jewels, and so forth."

"Well, I should say that under such very unusual circumstances the guardian might say 'Yes'"

"Then, my dear chanoinesse, you must pronounce the word. There is the gentleman, and Mademoiselle Valentine, here, is the charming prize he longs to win."

"The gentleman! Valentine!"

The Marquis de Calonne bowed low before the astonished chanoinesse. Valentine took her hand, but did not speak, her eyes being eloquent enough in their earnest appeal.

"Well, Henri, this is indeed a surprise. I will not say that it is an unpleasant one."

The young man seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips.

"Do you know that Valentine must for the present remain nameless."

"I know all. Her name is to me a matter of no consequence; I love her for herself."

"Spoken like your father's son. Ah, Henri, I loved him; I could hardly refuse his son anything in my power to bestow upon him. Valentine is to me as my own child; in giving her to you I only give the two whom I love most on earth. There, and having put her hand in yours, recall the duke's words; if you love each other you have the best gift possible—the only security for future happiness. And now let me tell you my story. When I was young I loved Henri's father, and he loved me. He was a younger son, so we were separated. He married a lady with a large dower, and I devoted myself to my present calling. You see I can sympathize with those whom poverty separates. Ah, well! that is a long time ago. As years went by I became rich. I suppose because money was no longer necessary to my happiness. To day I am repaid for all my disappointments. This wealth, which has too often been a heavy burden and responsibility on my shoulders, I now divide equally between you and Valentine. You will each have two hundred thousand francs; thus the bride will have her dower, and the bridegroom will be enabled to regain his encumbered estates."

Valentine could only cling to the chanoinesse and whisper her thanks. The marquis was quite overwhelmed with this generosity.

"You are my fairy grandmother," he said; "how shall I thank you, how repay your love?"

"By taking care of my Valentine, Henri. Her future has sometimes troubled me; now I can feel that it is safe. I can trust my child with you. But, I fear my other escort is now taken from me. Remember, no more of Paris, the court, or the army. Happiness avoids publicity."

"I have found mine in Providence," said the marquis, kissing Valentine's hand.

"Where it belongs," said the chanoinesse, with emphasis. "Now, as you are all absorbed in bliss, I must leave you, and begin my preparations for to-morrow's journey."

When the two lovers were about returning to the city, the girls accompanied them to the great gate, and stood to watch them riding so gaily up the long hill.

It was a warm day, and the road had a dry, dusty effect after the cool, shaded terrace and the murmuring fountains dotting the lawn.

"I am sorry they had to leave us," said Adrienne. "It is not at all pleasant on the road such a day as this. Oh, Valentine, what is that? See, coming down the hill. Raoul and the marquis have just passed it. See, it winds in and out, and looks like a great snake!"

Valentine looked, and shook her head.

"I cannot tell. Here is your father, he will know."

The duke came in answer to Adrienne's call, and stood for some minutes watching the approaching object.

"You had better come back to the terrace, my darling. That is something that your innocent eyes have so far been spared the sight of."

He shuddered and turned away, but his daughter pressed nearer to the gate, her eyes fixed and dilating with surprise.

"No, Valentine, let me look. What is it, father? It surely cannot be—yes, it is composed of men, all dressed alike in red suits, and they seem to be fastened together by a chain."

"Yes, Adrienne, that is a chain of galley slaves."

CHAPTER IX.

FROM DREAMS TO WAKING.

"Are they really slaves?" asked Adrienne.

"That was the name originally given to them, my child. They formerly worked the oars of the galleys; thus a kind of machinery was made out of human beings. You have never seen these galleys, but I remember them when they were fitted up as gun-boats, and were sent out of the ports to attack English vessels that might have become disabled or becalmed near the shore. That was during the great war. The galley slaves were chained to the oars and benches in the center of these long, narrow ships. They were low-built, with only one deck, and sometimes they had sails as well as oars. The guns were placed between the benches where the convicts sat and the sides of the vessels."

"But they do not use such vessels now?"

"No; these men work on the public buildings; the government thus utilizes their time and strength."

"And are they, then, so very badly treated," asked Adrienne, that they are called slaves."

"I fear they are shamefully used, my dear child. They are sent to the galleys because they are guilty of terrible crimes, and they are in the power of brutal men, who make life as hard as possible for them."

"Then their punishment is not adapted to make them any better than they are when sent to prison," said Valentine, looking full in the duke's face.

"On the contrary, they must grow worse. If you reduce a man to the condition of a wild beast, he is very likely to lose every redeeming trait of humanity, and the possession of mental powers will enable him to exceed the animals in wickedness. These men lose their identity. They are given numbers instead of their own names. They are allowed no intercourse with the outer world, their nearest relatives lose all traces of them. Oh, it is an outrageous way to treat human beings, no matter of what crimes they may have been proved culpable! It is a blot on our prison system."

"And suppose some of these men were not guilty," said Adrienne.

"Do not suppose such a case; it is too fearful to contemplate. If the punishment is an outrage even on the guiltiest wretch among them, I do not care to imagine what it would be to an innocent man."

The duke seemed moved by Adrienne's chance remark, and calling to the girls to follow him, he turned toward the house.

Adrienne seemed fascined to the spot.

"I want to see their faces, Valentine! I must see what they resemble after such brutal treatment. Oh, Valentine, only think, if even one of these men should be suffering unjustly."

"Adrienne, you let your imagination make you miserable. Why give way to these ideas? Suppose one of them to be innocent: what can we do for him—we two helpless girls?"

"But we, Valentine, we are so happy; and they, by the contrast, appear all the more miserable."

"You dear little enthusiast. You would make a good philanthopist to teach us our duty to our fellow-creatures. I really believe they are stopping to rest, out there on the dusty road, with the hot sun pouring down upon them."

The girls watched the unfortunate men as they halted in the road. Travel-stained and weary, their dusty little red caps were no protection from the heat, while the heavy ball's which they dragged after them made each walk lame. Their powerful forms, magnificently developed by the nature of their duties, seemed to mock at their downcast, despairing features, aged and rigid with toil and despairing grief. Adrienne gazed in silence, then, catching Valentine's hand, she hastened back to the house. The duke was busy with his letters, which the chanoinesse had offered to take to Paris.

"Father, these poor men are resting out in the sun; may they come in under the trees? Say yes."

The duke and the chanoinesse looked up in amazement. There stood Adrienne and Valentine in their satin draperies and soft laces, their eyes dilating with eager sympathy, their hands clasped in soft entreaty.

"My dear child, they are convicts—criminals of the worst kind."

"But they cannot harm us," pleaded Adrienne, her soft eyes filling with tears. "And they are men, and can feel the heat this intense day as much as we do," said the duchess, as usual coming to help the weaker side.

"Well, call O'Rourke; he was standing idle there a minute since. Tell him to speak to the guard first, before opening the gates."

"And, Valentine, take my purse, child. Money is always acceptable, I suppose."

"My purse is somewhere there among among the worsteds, Adrienne. Make an equal division," said the duchess.

"Adrienne generally has a favorite," she remarked, as the girls opened the purses.

"I think I deserve some reward," said the duke.

"You must take it in kisses," said Adrienne, slipping the purse into her side pocket and throwing her arms around her father's neck. "No one will ever spoil me as you do," she whispered between her kisses.

"What, not even Raoul, my darling?"

"Oh, dear, no. Raoul is not half as good as you are, my own dear father."

"Adrienne is right," said the chanoinesse. "There is no love like a father's. The saddest deprivation a child can have is that of a father's love. Valentine knows what I mean."

"No, no. You have not let me feel its loss. You have been all to me that I could ask or desire. Even now I dread your going away."

"What! my sensible Valentine growing timid and imaginative! That will never do. Why, you will not have time to kiss me. Henri will be here every day; and what with listening to him when here and dreaming of him when absent, your thoughts will be entirely occupied. Of course, you will go to the duchess for advice, if anything troubles you; but really I know of nothing to happen, unless a few lovers' quarrels and the usual tender explanations and blissful reconciliations."

"Come, Valentine, the chanoinesse thinks you are as foolish as I am. See, those poor men are coming toward the gate, and O'Rourke is opening it."

Adrienne was off, followed by Valentine. Arm in arm, standing on the green slope, they watched the weary galley slaves as they came in under the great shade trees and threw themselves on the cool, velvety grass. The soldiers, however, remained on guard, and paced to and fro, their monotonous walk extending inside the park gates.

Adrienne drew Valentine still nearer. The sunbeams, penetrating the arching branches, fell on their slender figures, lighting up their earnest, sad features, and throwing soft shadows on the shimmering satin of their long trains.

"They do not notice us, poor men, they are so tired," said Adrienne, drawing out her purse. But, at the ring of the metal, several of the men started from the ground and held out great brown hands, mis-shapen and hard with ceaseless toil.

The girls dropped the pieces of money on the broad palms, and received the men's grateful nods and muttered thanks with sympathetic looks. Adrienne had reached a convict who had lain down a short distance from his companions. She stood holding out the coin, but he did not even raise his head to look at her, or appear conscious of her kind glances.

His face, bronzed with the sun, and half covered with a short, black beard, had nothing repulsive or hard in its expression; the large, handsome features were stamped with a misery that was in itself a mute appeal for human interest and charity. As he lay, supporting his head on his arm, his eyes fixed on the ground, he seemed to be absorbed in painful thoughts.

Adrienne felt an attraction in this man, who did not care to look at her.

"Will you not take some money," she asked.

"What do I want with it. It cannot buy freedom or relief from sorrow."

"But you may want something."

"No, nothing. The food I get is good enough. So long as it is steeped in tears it is all alike bitter, all the same."

"But you could keep it."

"No, no; money given to me does me no good. It brings a curse; why do you press it upon me?"

He turned as he spoke, and, raising his eyes, looked steadily in Adrienne's face, as if to reproach her.

The purse fell from Adrienne's hands, and, with a low cry, she tottered and would have fallen but for Valentine, who, hearing her voice, was in time to catch and support her.

"Adrienne, what is the matter with you? You tremble so? you are as white as a ghost"

Adrienne's startled eyes were fixed on the convict, who had sunk back in his old, listless attitude.

"Oh, Valentine, it is he! The man who comes to me in my dreams, the man whose eyes I cannot forget. It is the voice, the very voice, that has so often spoken to me."

"Adrienne, you are excited. You must come away and calm yourself."

For the moment Valentine's strong will prevailed. She put her arm around Adrienne, and they returned to the house. The terrace was deserted. Adrienne sat down near the work-table and hid her face in her hands.

Valentine tried in vain to get an answer on any common-place topic; even the coming departure of the chanoinesse and Raoul's happiness failed in interest.

Adrienne moved after some minutes, and lifting her head, her paleness and agitation were more apparent than ever. Valentine saw her bend forward, so as to keep the convicts in sight, and, following her glance, at once perceived what attracted her. The convict had stood up, and was speaking to the guard.

In fact, the man had heard the purse fall, and looking about him he saw it lying on the ground; the ladies, however, had disappeared.

Some long gotten impulse of the past must have, for the moment, blotted out the hideous present; for rising, he picked up the purse, and looking toward the house took a few steps in its direction.

"Halt!" cried the nearest soldier; "where are you going?"

The convict suddenly stopped; then he held out the heavy silken bag. The present had been roughly recalled to him.

"The lady dropped her purse," he said.

The soldier rudely snatched it, examined its shining contents, and with utter amazement in every feature he stared at the man in front of him.

"What, return a purse to its owner! You must be a converted thief!"

"I never was a thief" was the firm reply in sad, measured tones. The man drew himself up to his full height and gazed down at his tormentor. The latter, however, felt quite safe in the presence of this unarmed, chained giant, whose broad chest and muscular limbs might well excite his apprehensions.

"What were you, then—a murderer?"

"No, I was a soldier, like you."

A heavy gasp, almost a sob, followed the words, and the man again threw himself on the ground, dizzy with the recollections that his own words had excited to torture and madden him.

Adrienne rose excitedly.

"Valentine, I must speak to that man again."

"I beg of you, Adrienne, do not go near him. What can you possibly have to do with him?"

"I cannot tell; but something that I can neither explain nor comprehend draws me to him."

"Why, you offered him money and he would not take it. You could do no more for him."

"How can I be sure of that? I tell you I cannot resist the impulse. If I do not speak to him, Valentine, I shall go mad!"

Her dilating eyes, her trembling hands, her voice full of undefined fear and awe, warned Valentine to let her have her own way; and, scarcely knowing what she was going to say to him, Adrienne again left the terrace, and, followed by Valentine, slowly approached the convicts.

The guard advanced to meet them.

"Looking for your purse, mademoiselle? That man found it, and, ha! ha!—I cannot help laughing—but he positively wanted to return it to you."

"Which man?" asked Adrienne, starting, as the soldier pointed to the one she wished to listen to again. She hesitated, and the soldier came to her relief.

"You would like to reward him, no doubt!"

"Yes: may I?"

"Certainly: speak to him if you wish: he is not dangerous."

The guard laughed, and returned to his post. Adrienne felt her strength and courage failing her as she again approached the sad, motionless figure. Valentine made a last effort to draw her away.

"No; I must, I will speak to him."

She again held out the purse; her voice was low and beseeching.

"Sir, a few minutes ago I offered you money, and you refused it. Will you not take something from me; See, here is the purse. Please take something from me."

The man again looked at her as if impelled by some secret force, and Adrienne, meeting the earnest, dark eyes, felt her heart throb wildly, as it did in her dreams. Pressing her hands to her heart, she leaned, unable to move, against Valentine, who, strong and sensible in her surprise, in turn watched the wretched outcast and the timid, delicate girl, whose trembling form she lovingly supported.

The man, as if aroused from a long apathy, suddenly took the purse, and rising, approached the girls. His voice was gentle and sweet:

"There, I will take the money if you wish me to; but not all this; oh, no; one piece will do."

He drew out the smallest coin, put it in the bosom of his ragged, red blouse, and gave back the purse to Adrienne.

"Poor man! Have you been very long in——"

Valentine's lips refused to form the awful word.

"In the galleys? Yes; for twelve years I have worked in the galleys at Brest."

The girl shuddered.

"But you were not a thief?" said Valentine.

"No; I was not a thief."

"Why, why were you put in the galleys?" asked Adrienne, clasping her hands, and speaking with an effort.

"I was accused—falsely accused—of murder."

The gentle voice was now full of indignation and despair. Adrienne's trembling lips and tearful eyes, tender with sympathy, seemed to attract his notice. For the first time in twelve years the utter world of freedom seemed to reach him through the kind curiosity of two delicate, innocent girls. The barriers of outraged pride, of dark, embittered despair, were swept away, and the man's whole soul rose in arms against the injustice of his fate, and found voice in the thrilling words:

"I was falsely accused of murder."

"Of murder!" Valentine shuddered.

"Yes, of the murder of my wife, the mother of my child."

"But you did not, you could not do it," cried Adrienne, gazing in the man's face, now quivering with emotion.

"Never! Before the God who for twelve wretched years has permitted me to suffer this agony and injustice, I swear that I am innocent."

"And I believe you!" said Adrienne, in her earnestness raising her hands to Heaven. "If you say that you are innocent, then I swear that I believe you!"

"Oh, lady, you cannot tell what those words are to me: the first of trust and kindness that I have heard since I was sentenced."

"You say 'sentenced,'" said Valentine. "Why were you not——"

"Executed. The sentence was commuted. Would you like to hear my story?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Tell it to us," said Adrienne.

"I was a soldier!" The words came slowly, accompanied by a rush of almost overwhelming memories. "The night before Fontenoy, returning from a skirmish, I found a man dying on the field. He told me his name, and confided to me a bundle of valuable papers and some costly jewels, which he begged of me to carry to his daughter, then at Lille. Then he gave me for myself a purse, in which were three hundred gold louis. I lived within a few miles of the place, and I thought it safest to take these things home and leave them with my wife. It was a great risk to absent myself without leave, but I knew the roads. I felt sure that I could join the regimen before roll call; and then—I had not seen my wife and child for two months, and I knew that the next day's battle might be my last."

"Yes, yes! Go on! You went home," cried Adrienne.

"Yes, I went home, left the papers and jewels, kissed my wife and child, and returned to camp in time to answer to the call."

"Well, what—what happened?" asked Adrienne, seeing that the man seemed convulsed with mental anguish.

"Oh, my God! Telling it brings it all back to me as if it were but yesterday. I can see it all—the field after the battle, the camp-fires, the white tents—I can hear again the men's voices, and hear myself called to answer the charge of having murdered my darling wife."

"I do not understand?" said Valentine. "When was she murdered? How?"

"Alas! she must have been murdered very soon after I left her, for they found her before many hours—dead. While I was fighting, full of hope at the prospect of escaping injury, and going back to her, she was—safe—safe from all trouble!"

"But the murderer?" said Valentine, throwing her arms around Adrienne, who could only sob with sympathy.

"Some wretch in search of plunder must have entered the house, and my poor wife, no doubt, tried to defend the things I had left in her charge. They were all carried off!"

"But, surely, they might be traced," said Valentine. "Is there no clew by which the murderer could be discovered? Think!"

"I have thought until my brain seemed to be on fire. But to what purpose? I am chained, helpless, a galley slave, and with no one in the wide world to assist me."

"There you are wrong," said Valentine. "We will help you if you will give us some clew; what have you in your mind?"

"If the man who entrusted the papers and jewels to me on the night before Fontenoy still lives, he could bear witness to the truth of my statement."

"Yes; if he still lives; but you said he was dying."

"Ah, there is the trouble. He felt that his death was near, and I, as well as I could judge of his wound, thought the same. It is twelve years ago, and we hear nothing in the galleys."

"What was his name?" asked Valentine.

"The Count de Mornasse."

"The Count de Mornasse. If he is alive, we will manage to reach him. Have you no other hope to sustain you? That is a very weak thing to support faith in such a fearful life as yours."

"My wife's necklace is the only other thing that I can mention. It was given to her by a noble lady, her foster-sister, on our wedding-day. It was a costly gift. My wife kept it in a curious box, and I put the things given me by the count with it. I thought they would be safer."

"And you say that they all disappeared on that night. The money also?" asked Valentine.

"Yes; the louis were with the other valuables. I remember a necklace of pearls and a diamond tiara; but I did not wait to examine them closely."

"Describe your wife's necklace," said Valentine.

"It was made of rubies, emeralds and sapphires, with a medallion set with diamonds, and a clasp, containing three large diamonds."

"A jewel not likely to be destroyed," said Valentine, thoughtfully."

"No; it was beautiful as it was."

The convict looked from Valentine to Adrienne, whose tears had kept her silent. Now she spoke

[TO BE CONTINUED.

KISSING THE BABY.

How a Candidate for Governor of Missouri Conducts His Canvass.

The St. Louis *Times Journal*, in a recent issue, says:

While Col. Allen was discussing national finances on the hotel piazza, Col. Tom Crittenden quietly slid down off the platform and circulated among the crowd. He wore a delicate white duck suit, blue necktie and patent leather pumps, and was the cynosure of all female eyes on the premises. Col. Tom, with an eye to business, began ogling the babies.

"Oh, you sweet little darling," said Colonel Tom, addressing a fuzzy, pop-eyed child that lolled lazily in its mother's arms under one of the trees; "how old is it, ma'am?"

"Four months, sir," said the fond mother.

"A little girl, eh?" said Col. Tom.

"No, a boy," replied his mother.

"Ah, yes, now that I come to look at it more closely, I detect the strong manly features of a boy," the Colonel hastened to say. "Please, may I kiss the little cherub?"

Col. Tom shut his eyes and exploded an osculatery sound on the fuzzy face, and the child put up a big lip and threatened to cry.

"He is such a beautiful child," murmured Col. Tom.; "such eyes, such a head, such an expanse of forehead, such a mouth, such a wealth of complexion, such a sweet, tranquil expression."

"La me; you don't really think so, do you?" simpered the flattered mother.

"I never saw a sweeter little cherub," said Col. Tom.; "I believe I'll have to kiss him again."

Having gone through a second osculatory martyrdom, Col. Tom assumed a seraphic look—a look calculated to strike taffy to the most hardened feminine heart and got right down to business.

"I'm a candicate for Governor," said he, "and nothing would give me greater joy than to rest assured that I had the support of the father of the sweet babe. Come, let me hold the little darling in my arms. I do think he is just the sweetest little angel I ever saw."

The flattered mother gave up the fuzzy baby with profuse apologies about its not being well dressed, etc., hoped it would not trouble the gentlemen, etc.; glad to know that he admired it so much, etc.

The fuzzy baby writhed and squirmed and grew red in the face and wrinkled itself all up and then lay calm and composed on Col. Tom's strong right arm.

"The little precious!" cried Col. Tom.

"You'll tell his father how much I thought of his little cherub, won't you, ma'am? And you'll tell him I'm a candidate for Governor, eh, ma'am?"

The poor woman's face dropped and big salt tears came into her eyes.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "you don't know what you ask. My poor husband died two months ago."

There was a far-off look in Col. Tom Crittenden's golden glinted eyes as he gently but firmly dumped that fuzzy baby on the bereaved woman's lap and walked straight back to the platform and replaced himself on a bench.

Obey Your Doctor.

Dr. Smith had declared war to the knife on melons, and all patients of his were forbidden to touch the tabooed fruit under penalty of dire pains and torments. What was not the surprise of one of these patients on sauntering into his club for lunch to find the doctor squaring his elbows before a gigantic hemisphere of the perfidious fruit. "Well, doctor! It seems that you have two sets of advice—one for yourself and one for others." "Oh!" answered the medical epicure, with a slight upward hitch of the eyebrows, "Jones is my family physician, and he recommended melons."

SHOT WITH AN AIR-GUN.

Strange Career of Jean Achille Renan—Gallant, Assassin, Robber and "Gentleman"—Duel of the Pills—A Countess, Disrobed, Dances the Can-Can—The Mystery of the Air-Gun.

"I thank you, M. Le Juge, for your recognition of my genius as a *gourmand* in permitting me, as the last act of my life, to take a chop," were the words uttered by Jean Achille Renan, when sentenced by the Court of Paris to death by the guillotine, in November, 1878.

Slender, handsome, with wonderfully expressive eyes and mobile features, Renan's 32 years of manhood had been passed in the commission of crimes and outrages of every description known in the criminal calendar. According to his confession, he had committed no less than nine murders.

In all this blood stained career he had been arrested but twice, the last time resulting in ridding France of a monster. Daring, cool, cunning, and callous to pity or remorse, he went to his fate with a defiant smile, saying to the executioner, as he placed his hand upon the block:

"Monsieur le barber, be careful not to cut my chin; the skin is tender. Adieu!" Singularly enough, the day of his death was the 37th anniversary of his birth. Among the

MOST SINGULAR OF HIS ESCAPADES

was his duel with Dr. Montheur, with whose wife he had formed a *liaison* so shameless that even it obtained notice in *Le Monitour*. He, with a reckless bravado, meeting the doctor in a *café* in the Rue St. Denis, struck him in the face with his open hand, saying:

"Cure that with pills, if you can."

"I will. Is it a challenge?"

"As you please," was the reply.

"Then to morrow, at nine, in my office," said the Doctor.

"The weapons?" queried Renan.

"I will have the weapons there."

At the hour Renan presented himself alone.

"I am ready, Doctor; whither shall we proceed, and where is your second?"

"The duel—here—now! We need no witnesses. The weapons—these!"

He took from a shelf a small box; opening it, he placed two small pellets, or pills, upon the smooth surface of a marble topped table in the center of the office. Renan was surprised, but did not betray it.

"Ah, this is a farce instead of a tragedy. I am not a *forcaire*, Monsieur," he coolly remarked.

There are two pills, exactly the same size and weight. One is a poison that produces instantaneous death; the other is perfectly harmless. I do not know which contains the deadly drug. Take your choice. I will take the remaining pill; we will place them upon our tongues at the word; and," added the Doctor, drawing a pistol, "if you refuse or hesitate I will blow your brains out! Are you ready?"

THE DUEL.

Renan was taken at a disadvantage. The Doctor's eye was upon him. Slowly, with an unflinching nerve, a smile upon his face, but with the heart of a Satan, Renan's fingers lifted one of the pellets.

"This is not a duel," said he; "it is murder."

"To the world, no! If I die it will be only apoplexy, of which I have had already one attack. If you die, there will be one seducer and scoundrel less on earth, and I will give the Stranger's Hospital an excellent subject. Again, are you ready?"

Renan nodded his head, placed the pellet upon his tongue, as did the doctor. In ten seconds the sugar coating would dissolve. Then for one of them death! Renan's tremendous audacity served him well. Presently the doctor, who had never taken his eye or the aim of the pistol from his adversary, suddenly dropped the pistol; his lips became ashen in hue; he staggered back, fell over upon an easy chair, and with a convulsive spasm—was dead.

"There is no subject for the hospital—cruel of the doctor, it is!"

Renan left him there. Ten days afterward

HE QUARRELED WITH HIS MISTRESS,

the doctor's wife, and with a fiendishness almost beyond belief accused her to the Commissaire of Police of poisoning her husband. The body was exhumed, and an autopsy confirmed his statement. She was arrested and tried, but, there being no positive evidence that she administered the poison, she was, despite her prayers and protestations, transported for life.

THE DEAD MAN ON THE QUAY.

Another time, on the Quay d'Orleans, having assassinated one Minefloir and robbed him, he deliberately accosted a Sergeant de Ville:

"There is a dead man on the quay help me to remove him. These accursed assassins are everywhere."

The body lay close to the edge of the quay; beneath were the dark, sluggish waters of the Seine. As the Sergeant De Ville, standing on this edge, leaned over to examine by his pocket lantern the corpse, Renan gave him a tremendous push, toppled him into the water, and then rolling his murdered victim after him, ran off.

A COUNTESS DANCES THE CAN CAN.

He once entered, at midnight, the private apartments of Madame the Countess Degme, after having by a decoy message called the Count away to Vincennes. Suddenly presenting himself at her bedside he commanded her to arise, and in her night dress. "Your jewels, Madam!" She produced them almost fainting with fear.

"One movement toward an alarm, one cry, and you will be dead," he said. "Now, Madam, ring for your maid, order luncheon for two, with wine—be particular. Meantime consider me as the Count," and he covered himself in the bed clothes, but with cocked pistol in hand.

The maid was called, the luncheon served and the maid retired. Renan rose, forced Madam to sit opposite him at table, while he coolly and deliberately enjoyed the feast. Terror-stricken, she sat as one in a dream. Taking his napkin, he rolled the jewels she had given him in it, placed them in his

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, OCT. 2, 1879.

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Please remember that we CANNOT ALLOW COMMISSION on subscriptions for the above named papers and magazines, except for THE BLADE, as stated.

As is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, no subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY TWO WEEKS.

THE Buffalo *Express* thinks that a good epitaph for LUCIUS ROBINSON would be, "not dead, but gone behind."

CINCINNATI *Commercial*: Mr. BONNER is not very fond of insects, but he likes to see a horse fly—at a 2:20 gait.

ALBANY *Evening Journal*: If BUTLER instead of CÆSAR had been on the Lupercal that day, think you the crown would have gone begging three several times?

THE Rochester *Express* reports that CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS has a bad cold. This seems to us only another way of saying that he is in full possession of himself.

THE Socialists of Brooklyn, have formulated a plank in their platform demanding that the city shall establish and maintain a pawnshop. The next will be that the city shall provide indigent people with something to pawn.

FORT PILLOW CHALMERS should be at once elected a Chief of Tammany. He calls TILDEN "a trickster," and "a miserable dried-up old mummy." Evidently the Head Center of the Mississippi Bulldozers does not expect that TILDEN will ever have the disposal of the Post-offices in Mississippi.

NEW YORK *Tribune*: "The Wisconsin Democrats took advantage of a wealthy man's absence in Europe to nominate him for Governor, on Tuesday, and adjourned the Convention as soon as possible in order to get out of the way of his declination. He sent it over promptly by cable and hit them on the fly with it. They haven't any candidate now, but what of it? There isn't the slightest use for one.

And now Grant's troubles begin. It will be painful for him to have to distinguish between honest, unselfish admiration and self-seeking adulation. But he will do it.—*New York Mail.*

He will have to do better then than he did during his Presidential terms, because that same inability to distinguish between genuine Republicans, and sordidly selfish office seekers, was the bane of his administration.

THE report from the Commissioners of Lunacy in England show that insanity and idiocy in that country is largely on the increase. The ratio of lunatics to the population has risen in the last 20 years from 18.67 to 27.67 in 10,000, a sad showing indeed. This is attributed to the indulgence of the lower classes, where the lunacy is chiefly found in strong drink, joined to the mental disturbance, the poverty and distress, consequent upon the financial difficulties of the last few years.

A LONDON correspondent of the *Graphic* presents a dark view of the condition of the iron trade in England, and gives little hope of any immediate revival, for while there is a slight increase in the trade this Fall, it is due only to the naturally increased demand at this season of the year. This is regarded as temporary, "and the future is regarded as so ominous that a union has been formed to induce workmen in the coal and iron trades to emigrate to the United States." At the same time many discourage this movement under the impression that there is danger of an inflation here, and that there will be a consequent fall after, and the result will be distress for those who have left their homes in their own country.

Now the negros of North Carolina want to emigrate, but they make a very great mistake when they ask assistance from others to enable them to do this. The best preparation they can make for emigrating is to earn the money to emigrate with. A people who have to be sent to their new homes by charity are rarely a valuable accession to the communities whither they go. It is undoubtedly for the best interests of the negros—as well as the whites—of North Carolina is to emigrate to Kansas, because the lands in one State are sterile, and in the other fertile, and because they will leave a dull, stupid, non progressive community, to join a vigorous, industrious, wide awake people, but all this will do them no good, if they have not the thrift and mental capacity to be improved by it. If they are going to follow a lazy, shiftless, hand to mouth existence North Carolina is the place for them. There is no use giving them money to go to Kansas. Kansas does not want that class of citizens. Encouragement should be given those to go who have the courage, the resolution, and the industry to make their own way in the world; the other class had better doze away their lives in North Carolina.

WHY HE WAS KILLED.

Since the Northern press and public irrespective of party has denounced the murder of DIXON, the Democratic leaders of the South have felt obliged to come before the bar of public opinion and make a defense. They do not deny the killing, they acknowledge that it was murder, but they claim that the motive which led to the assassination was purely personal and that it had nothing whatever to do with the canvass. DIXON, they assert, had violently abused and threatened BARKSDALE, had used the worst of language toward his sister and other female relatives, and had thus laid the foundation of a bitter personal feud which could only result in the death of one or the other. Under these circumstances the laws of chivalry left but one appeal to the aggrieved party, and this was the shot gun. They make no defense for that abnormal and violent condition of society which makes a man the judge, jury and executioner of his own wrongs, but simply claim that BARKSDALE in waylaying and assassinating his antagonist was only acting under the unwritten law of the land, which in Yazoo County is more powerful than any which stand on the statute books.

Conceding that this was really the case, and that no political motive could be traced in the murder, the case is bad enough in all conscience. But a glance at the collateral facts brings up enough evidence to convince even a prejudiced and biased enquirer that if DIXON had not undertaken an independent canvass for Sheriff, he would have been alive to-day. It is alleged that he was a gambler, which was true; that he was a desperado, which was also true; and that he had committed several murders in the county, which is conceded by both his friends and anemies. But so long as he co-operated with the Democratic party none of these things were reckoned against him by his political associates, many of whom were as darkly smirched as he. When in 1873, the Democracy formally resolved to carry Mississippi for their party at all hazards, DIXON was a ringleader in the operations which broke up Republican meetings, lynched negros, and thrust obnoxious whites out of the State at the muzzle of the shot-gun. In the scenes of terror and intimidation which followed, DIXON bore a prominent part, and his "influence" in securing and retaining his section of the State to the Democrats was most gratefully acknowledged by candidates and the party at large. His course was without blame in the eyes of the Democrats simply because he was using the generally recognized and most effective measures for promoting the success of the party.

But the time came when DIXON sickened of all this, and withdrew from affiliation with the Democrats and began to have political aspirations of his own. It was then that the Democracy first began to discover that the man who was hitherto an unexceptionable citizen was in reality a violent and dangerous character. Hitherto he had been "the bravest of the brave" as the silver service presented him by the ladies of Yazoo testified; now he became "a man of violent and desperate character, whose career here has been marked by strife and turbulence who has been reckless of human life." The one was the DIXON who helped to lead the bulldozers of the Democracy in their "rule or ruin" campaign; the other was the DIXON who by his appearance as an independent candidate, put Democratic supremacy in jeopardy. Comment is superfluous.

When DIXON became an independent candidate and confessed his previous wrong-doing, the very men whom he had previously abused came over to his support. The logic of the negro may not be very abstruse, but it was sufficient to convince him that when such a man as DIXON renounced the fellowship and sympathy of the Democracy it was at least negative evidence that he was no longer opposed to them, and they found in the opposition of the Democracy to DIXON a valid reason why they should support him In Yazoo the colored vote controls the county, and DIXON controlled the majority of the colored vote. He was informed that for the sake of "unity and harmony" he must withdraw from his political canvass. To this he consented, subsequently withdrew his consent, and was murdered by the rival candidate on the regular ticket, thus securing unity and harmony in the highest degree.

There can be but one conclusion in the whole matter. DIXON was killed because he persisted in a canvass which seriously threatened Democratic supremacy in Yazoo County. Had he never left the Democratic party, or leaving it had he withdrawn from his independent canvass, he would still have been among the living. He might have been an objectionable character, but if a man were to go through Yazoo County to-day with a double-barrelled shot-gun charged with the extermination of the men who were guilty of the same crimes as DIXON, how many white male citizens would be left alive? It was not DIXON'S sins, but his reformation that caused his death. It is idle to attempt to conceal the facts by raising false issues. Had DIXON been as courteous as CHESTERFIELD, as moral as HOWARD, as spotless as an angel, his one crime against the Democratic party would have been sufficient to seal his doom and add another chapter to the damning record that awaits the day of final settlement.

REFLECTION upon the crimes he has committed is a good thing for the criminal. To be brought face to face with them, and compelled to look at their proportions, sometimes bring repentance and consequent reform. It is with this idea that the Austrian Government established the prison discipline, now so rigorously carried out in that country. When the judge passes sentence upon a convicted offender, he may also prescribe compulsory fasting at stated intervals through the year, and united with that, confinement in a cell alone, and with nothing to occupy his mind except the memory of that for which he is suffering. These periods are generally fixed on the anniversaries of the commission of the offence. Not long since a sentence was passed upon a young man who had been declared guilty of murder, of 20 years of imprisonment, with solitary confinement and fasting on each anniversary of his crime. One would imagine that by the time 20 such days had passed he would so loathe himself and the deed, that he would sooner die than attempt to live.

SOUTH CAROLINA YAZOOS.

Those people who are continually crying out against the assumption that the spirit of violence in the South is, with the exception of a few localities, completely crushed out, either do not read, or else wilfully shut their eyes to to the facts daily brought to the notice of the people. They may assert that papers are partisan and color things to suit themselves, but simple reference to occurrences reported by telegraph from different parts will show sufficiently the condition of things all through the Southern States to convince any one who is not determined to resist the truth, that acts of intimidation and violence are frequent, and will be continued unless the law is made strong enough to punish the offenders.

The public has not yet recovered from the shock of the DIXON murder, and the indignation consequent upon the acquittal of GULEY, the Kemper County murderer. Both of these outrages were committed for political purposes; both were the children of the Democratic party, the Southern wing of which does not disown them.

Telegrams for the last day or two have given reports of matters in South Carolina which are, to say the least, alarming, as demonstrating the determination of the Democrats there to carry every thing at the cost of any amount of tyrannical and forcible proceedings. The BOISE assassination is still fresh in the memory of all. Now comes the tidings of the attempted murder of the Postmaster of Blackville. This is a small Town of about 3,000 persons in the upper part of the State. Mr. NIX, the person mentioned, is a prominent and influential Republican, who did much towards bringing the Ku Klux and Red shirt men to trial in the Federal Courts last Winter. In consequence he is highly obnoxious to the Democratic clans and they have determined to dispose of him effectually. The shot failed in its mission, but whether Mr. NIX will be equally lucky another time remains to be seen.

As another evidence of the spirit abroad it is stated that the negroes are begining to fear for their lives, and that the United States Districts Attorney NORTHRUP dares take no steps towards the punishment of either those who incite to or commit acts of violence. Unless the Government is prepared to see all freedom of the ballot taken away in South Carolina, it will be found necessary to put officers in charge who will not be intimidated by threats from compelling obedience to the Federal laws. The "Yazoo's" there stand upon the same ground as those in Mississippi, where a Senator is threatened with violence should he dare denounce the Dixon murder as it deserves, and as, it is said, he contemplates doing.

NEGRO EMIGRATION.

An endeavor has been made to spread the conviction that the negros who have emigrated to Kansas during the past year have not fared well, that they could not obtain work and were now living upon public charity, and that they would gladly return to the South if they had the means to do so. This report of the matter has been spread through the Southern States in order to intimidate others who desire to seek new homes in the West. Did the blacks believe this, little more would be heard of emigration, but the facts are so entirely different that they cannot be kept in this belief for any great length of time. Ignorant as they are, they will yet manage to get at some degree of the truth about what is of such vital importance to themselves.

Gen. T. W. CONWAY, who has from the first taken an active interest in the movement, says that out of all the numbers who have gone to Kansas, there are not more than 20 who are subsisting upon public charity, but the great body are at work and comparatively comfortable, with a prospect of prosperity in the future. Colored farm laborers are in demand in all parts of the West, and Gen. CONWAY says he could now find homes for 20,000 more, were they at hand and needing them.

Emigration is really the only way out of the difficulties which surround the blacks at the South. They have been abused until, long-suffering as they are, their eyes turn longingly towards other and distant lands, hoping to find there a place where they can become, in a measure, independent, and enjoy the rights that their investiture as American citizens should bestow upon them. This emigration, however, should be conducted cautiously. To go in droves, without any provision for the time that must elapse before their labor can be remunerative is to insure much suffering. But with the assistance of those whose sympathies are with them, and who will gladly go into the work, such as Gen. CONWAY, organized companies will readily and easily find their way where their work is needed, and permanent homes can soon be found.

From present indications those who are the best imformed in regard to the matter, say that 100,000 negros will probably leave the South during the next year.

SOUTH AFRICA.

While reading the conditions of the peace made with the conquered South Africans, it becomes an interesting question to know how long they will be observed by the fierce warriors who have so long held the British at bay. Of course, the present arrangement is only the first step towards annexation, and there are those among their leaders who are sharp enough to see that. An army of 40,000 men will not subside into a quiet of a long continuance, judging from the past, unless overawed by superior numbers and strength. The probabilities are that with all the precautions taken, there will be insurrections among the different tribes and frequent turmoils that will require constant watchfulness by the British and a large expenditure of money to control. The story of Kaffirland is likely to be repeated. Nominally, this little tract of land lying on the coast between Natal and the old Cape Colony is independent, but the Cape is continually fighting some one of its tribes, and exacting penalties for its bad behavior. By a series of such affairs it has become subject to the English almost as an entirety, since a magistrate is installed over each of the 25 Districts into which it is divided, who are held responsible to the Cape Secretary for the conduct of the natives.

Some two years ago the Transvaal was annexed to the English Colonies. The Dutch Boers by whom it is inhabited hate British rule, and forced into the union against their will, it will not be strange it there is trouble there. The President of the Republic has already openly defied the Government to compel him to pay taxes, and his people sustain him in the stand he has taken. These people with the allies they could soon obtain among the savages, would prove no mean antagonists, and it requires the most careful manipulation upon the part of British authorities to prevent trouble.

GEN. GRANT.

The tour of Gen. GRANT around the world is one of which history gives no precedent. Leaving the United States as a private citizen, traveling without ostentation and with no effort to attract a public recognition on his part, his whole journey has been one continual ovation. More than any other man who has ever lived has he had the opportunity to study the government, character and customs of the countries which he has visited. Even in China, proverbial for its jealousy towards strangers, he was received with open arms, and allowed privileges never before extended to a foreigner.

Not to be proud of such honors and the distinction thrust upon him would not be human, but Gen. GRANT has everywhere borne himself in a way worthy of the great Nation which he in a manner represents. He has arrogated nothing to himself upon the ground of past merits, but accepted all as a tribute offered to his country.

After a two years absence, he has once more landed upon his native shores, and the reception accorded to him in San Francisco shews how the people feel. There was nothing of party in the matter. Republicans and Democrats united to show respect to the returning soldier and statesman. The affair demonstrated conclusively the strong hold that Gen. GRANT has upon the affections of American citizens, and, doubtless, his progress East will be amid just such enthusiastic expressions of welcome from every community he may visit.

PERNICIOUS READING.

A great deal has been said in a general way about the evil done to boys by a perusal of the stories full of excitement and the wonderful adventures of some wonderful boy, and yet the consequences of indiscriminate reading of this kind is not thoroughly appreciated or a greater effort would be made to check or prevent its wholesale dissemination among children. Here and there an occasional instance is given of a boy whose ruin can be traced directly to the influence of this literature; but of the myriads who fall because they have been thrilled and excited, their young imaginations all set aflame by some vicious story, there is no record.

The United States is not the only country where this evil exists in a great degree. England, Germany and France are also sufferers, but especially the latter. The abounding fancy of the French people would cause the young to more readily seize upon and be influenced by these vivid tales of excitement and sin. That this is the case is evident from the details given in late papers of the trial of a number of boys in the Court of Assizes at Paris. They belonged to a secret society of 14 persons, 12 being boys and two, girls, or women, as they are called. The oldest of the band was 19 years, while most of them were only 11 or 12. They were called "La Bande de l'Assommoir," and were led by a boy named ABADIE, who had been a supernumerary in a theater where "L'Assommoir" was performed, and had imbibed from the drama ideas of villainy which found their expression in the formation of this company.

The compact which any one who joined them was compelled to sign is something terrible, too bad in fact to be made public. A part of it is as follows:

"The address of the leaders shall not be known. No one must have a residence under his real name. The two leaders shall have for wives the two women included in the band; these women are to be armed with hunting-knives. Every member imprisoned will be entitled to assistance at the rate of two francs a day. He shall be visited only by the two women whom he will call sisters; he will write only to them letters meant for the leaders. There will be assistance also to sick members. All jewelry stolen will be sent to the chief, who will have it melted and sold abroad. Every member will have a passport, and a mask, so as not to be recognized. All infractions of the compact to be punished by fine or by death."

Up to the time of the arrest several robberies and murders were committed in a most mysterious manner which are now supposed to have been their work. The murder of a woman was finally traced directly to them through the testimony of one of their own number, and the leaders are now upon trial.

This is a terrible story and shows most conclusively the results following the circulation of such pernicious literature, for to this was the formation of the company attributed.

In this week's number of *Puck* is a cartoon which illustrates well the extent to which the publication and sale of these papers and magazines are carried. Issuing from the public school room is a crowd of children, and close to the threshold begin the stands covered with these pictorial papers well calculated to strike the eye and attract the desire of bright boys who are upon the lookout for anything novel and exciting. The picture tells its own story.

A NEW school law will soon go into operation in Belgium. By the old system, established in 1841, education was given over to the church. The people found that the whole work done was of a religious character, and real education little thought of. By the new arrangement, a person belonging to any denomination whatever may open a private school, but the Government can give it no aid, nor can the commune where it is established. The State has the management of the elementary schools, instead of the clergy as hitherto. The utmost freedom of belief is given to the teachers, and the priests will have no more authority over anything connected with educational matters. At the same time, apostles of any belief may go into the schools and, at reasonable hours, have an opportunity to impart religious instruction to the pupils.

AT Delphos, last Friday, VOORHEES, the ex Grand Head Center of the Indiana Sons of Liberty, wound up a peroration with: "Now, where was CHARLEY FOSTER during the war?" For an instant all was deathly still; the Democrats were pondering the enormity of the offense of remaining out of the army. Then some one broke the silence by asking the speaker in an incisive tone, audible over the whole house: "Where were you, yourself?" The meeting had henceforth no interest for the rudely blighted Sycamore of the Wabash.

MR. THORLOW WEED'S STORY.

An Interesting Narrative of His Relations With Horace Greeley.

The Trials and Persecutions Whch He Suffered as an Anti-Mason.

New York Graphic.

I saw him coming out of the *Tribune* building—an old man, apparently 80, more than six feet high, not very much bent, but feeling his way before him with a staff, as if he saw but feebly. His keen gray eyes were under a mansard roof of a forehead, and his eyebrows were long and straggling like a *chevaux de frise*. He looked eager and earnest, but there was a half smile on his face, as if his life had paid a premium and was closing in content. I had seen him before somewhere, but I could not remember exactly—ah, yes; it was Thurlow Weed. I had seen him often years ago, at political conventions, and later as a fine figurehead at public meetings for benevolent purposes.

"I will call on him and get him to talk."

No sooner thought than done. I called that very evening, at 7, at his handsome residence on Twelfth street, near Fifth avenue, where his windows overlook a church lawn. "Card no use," said the colored servant at the door, "he cannot read it." Into the library I was ushered, where a glance took in walls hung with pictures, fine and comfortable furniture, book-cases, one open, a cup of tea on the center table, and the old man lying on a lounge.

I made myself known to him and told my errand, asking if I could call some time when he felt less fatigued.

"Oh, no! this is all right," said he; "I feel pretty well." And he insisted on transferring himself to an easy chair.

I alluded to having seen him down Town during the day.

"Yes," he said, "I have been down all day to day, attending the meetings of directors of various companies that I belong to."

I congratulated him on being able to walk about alone at 82 years, and he smiled and said he should have to give it up some time, he supposed, but he wanted to keep on his feet as long as possible. "If it wasn't for my eyes," he continued; "a cataract some years ago impaired my sight that now I see little. I can just see a large, dark body in the chair where you sit, but have no idea of your features."

After alluding to his diet and general health, the conversation drifted towards his life-long profession of journalism.

"You and Mr. Greeley pulled together for a good many years," I suggested.

"Yes," he said earnestly. "We were the best of friends for 14 or 15 years. How well I remember when I first met him. I should think it was in 1839, perhaps. He had been printing the *New Yorker* for a year or two, and I had read it with great interest. It was bright, aggressive and able, and a strong tariff paper. We in Albany wanted a campaign paper, and I came down to see if I couldn't get this *New Yorker* man to run it. I found the office, and went in and inquired for the editor, of a tall, verdant looking fellow, who was setting type at a case. 'I am the editor,' he said. I was a little surprised, but I introduced myself and told him I wanted to speak with him about State politics. He wore no coat, and his shirt sleeves were rolled up, and I well remember how he leaned one elbow on the case, half turned around and said, 'All right—go ahead.' I told him I would like to see him alone; when he laid down his composing stick and we went around and sat on some boxes while I revealed my plan. The upshot of it was that we hired him to go to Albany two days in every week to edit the new *Jeffersonian* as a campaign paper, while he continued to run his *New Yorker*. He was one of the most faithful, honest, industrious men I ever met in my life. We became very much attached to each other. He always stayed at my house when he came to Albany, every week through all that year or more. I respected and esteemed him so highly that my regard grew into a real affection for him. We continued warm and confidential friends for many years.

The old gentleman paused here, then changed the subject to tell me about some 40 year-old political caricatures hung on the wall, but after awhile I brought him back, asking him how so strong a friendship came to terminate.

"Well," he resumed, "Greeley, like all of us, was a composite of various qualities, and he had his weaknesses. He possessed political ambition; and it ruined him. None of his friends suspected him of it at that time. He concealed it wonderfully, or else it had not then developed. I was drawn so strongly to him because I thought he was like myself, only a great deal better. I never had any ambition to hold office. I had an ambition to be influential, and to help the State to improve the quality of its public servants, but not to hold office myself.

"Greeley was a powerful man. One of the most talented men this country ever produced; he was also one of the purest. His extraordinary ability, purity and industry made him invincible against every foe but ambition. We had often talked of office holding, and warned each other against it. But just before the State Convention of 1853 he came to Albany and said to me, 'Weed, I'd like to be Governor.' I told him I was sorry, for I doubted if he could be nominated. He said, 'You don't think the Whig party can afford to ignore the temperance question this year, do you?' I said no. I thought we should have to nominate some temperance man.

"'Then why not me?' he asked. 'Because you will be thought too ultra' I answered. 'You have beaten the bush, and Myran Clark will catch the hare.' He looked disappointed, but he thought he could be nominated.

"In a few days, when it was pretty certain that Clark would get the place, he came again and said: 'Weed, I'd like to be Lieutenant Governor.' I told him that I didn't believe he could get that, either. It would be overloading the ticket—too much temperance. Besides, I told him that Raymond would get the place. That was the last feather that broke the camel's back. It was a terrible blow to him. To be beaten by Raymond, whom he had nourished and warmed into life and taught the business of newspaper-making—he couldn't stand that. He was greatly grieved. And he said it to me—wrongfully. He hardly ever spoke to me after that. We were strangers for years. Then when I was sick in '59, Greeley came to see me and we resumed somewhat our former relations. In his last sickness I called to see him, but I was some time in finding him, and when at last I ascertained where he was they refused me admission. I was sorry. I wanted to see him once more very much. He was one of the purest, most generous and kindest men I had ever met."

The old gentleman talked on fluently, but he was far from garrulous, as most old men are. He never wandered by accident, but talked straight at the mark, like a young business man, using just the right word to express his thought. This seemed surprising, remembering that his education was neglected in boyhood, and that he grew up a type setter at the case.

"What part of your life do you look back to with most satisfaction?" I asked.

"To my persistent refusal of office," he answered quickly, "and to that"—and he pointed to an old brown document, framed, hanging on the wall, which, on examination, proved to be a Government warrant for 160 acres of land for his services as a soldier in the war of 1812.

Observing that he had not located his warrant and that it was still a sight draft for 160 acres of wild land, I asked him why he didn't use it. "O, I don't want to bother with it," he said; "I'll put it in my will."

"But you said you had held office?" I reminded him.

"Oh, yes; I let the boys send me to the Legislature when I was a journeyman printer, 55 years ago. But I never had a thirst for office. A great many offices have been within my reach. Perhaps I am the only man who ever declined three first-class foreign missions offered by three Presidents—Taylor, Fillmore and Lincoln."

"They say you have been Governor, a good deal?" I suggested.

The old gentleman laughed heartily. "Yes, that's what they say, but I was never elected to that office anyhow, and never drew a cent of salary. Yes," he added, after a pause, "of several Governors I have been the confidential friend and perhaps I may say, adviser."

"You may, indeed," I assented. "No other American has ever held such influential relations with high officials."

"And the oddest of it is," said he, eagerly, rising and walking the room, as if to walk off superfluous energy, "that I have been a confidential friend of at least two Democratic Governors, when I was a leading Whig. The first was Silas Wright."

"And they took your advice?" I asked.

"Yes, very often. When Marcy was Governor he took me intimately into his confidences and his counsels, and when he was Buchanan's Secretary of State I occupied the same relation to him."

"You are so old and have been so active that you seem to have been a part of almost everything that has happened in this country," I said.

"Up there somewhere," he answered, pointing indefinitely toward the wall, "is a silhouette of the first railroad in this country and the first train of cars running between Albany and Schenectady." He paused and found it—the black line of coaches drawn by a queer-looking iron horse, with copies of which most people are familiar. "About there—that's me," said he, "putting his finger on one of the stove pipe hats in the rear coach.

"May I ask," said I, "what is the greatest misfortune that ever happened to you?"

"The greatest distress I ever suffered?" he inquired. "O, you must know what that was. Cruel, cruel! The vilest slander that ever was framed—that I was a monster of brutality and had mutilated a corpse for the purpose of helping the fortunes of a party."

"I don't exactly remember what you mean?" I said.

"Why, Morgan! Morgan!" he exclaimed, and his face assumed a pained expression. "I suffered untold distress, and was more or less under ban for 25 years. Old acquaintances avoided me; even my family was made to feel the disgrace, as if I were a felon. It was cruel!"

"How was it?" I said. "Or, perhaps you prefer not to talk about it?"

"I have no objection. It's an old story now, and belongs to the past. I was living at Rochester at the time Morgan, who had exposed Masonry, was missing. It was believed that he had been drowned by members of the order in Lake Ontario. A body was found which answered the description of him. It was exhibited in public, and was recognized as being him by his family and friends. It was buried by them. Afterward it was claimed by the friends of another man, disinterred, and another inquest held. There was great excitement over the murder of Morgan, and I was prominent as an anti-Mason. When this last inquest was pending, the lawyer engaged by the Masons said to me, one day: 'What are you going to do for a Morgan now? This man is a good enough Morgan,' I retorted, 'till you produce the man that was killed.' He went off and reported that I said the deceased was 'a good enough Morgan *till after election.*' This lie was first published by Henry O'Reilly, editor of the Rochester *Daily Advertiser*, and it made such an excitement that he stuck to it, and elaborated it. Finally, the lie took this form—that I had pulled out the beard, cut the hair and otherwise defaced or mutilated the features of the Ontario corpse so as to make them resemble Morgan. This was the Winter of 1826 27."

"Did the people believe such a thing."

"Yes, a good many did. It was a thing I could not disprove to their satisfaction. I was abhorred by tens of thousands. Old acquaintances cut me. I was pointed at on the street. Strangers would look askance at me. I saw them. Friends gave me the cold shoulder. I received threatening anonymous letters. I was made to feel everywhere and every hour that I was a marked man. And my poor family, sir," said he, lifting his hand with a pathetic gesture, "were made to feel the cruel thrusts in ways I cannot mention."

"How long did this ostracism last?"

"Fifteen or 20 years actively, and in some directions a much longer time."

"It seems strange that injustice should thrive so," said I.

"Well, it did thrive. O'Reilly became rich, and that lie was the foundation of his fortune. I drifted to Albany, and at last lived the shocking calumny down. Finally O'Reilly, who might have been worth millions if he had stuck to the telegraphs, which he manipulated at first, speculated in other things and lost money. He kept losing. He lost everything he had at last."

"Were you glad?"

"I was grateful that the Lord didn't allow such villainy to thrive forever," the old gentleman confessed; "and then I felt sorry for him."

"Where is he now—dead?"

"O, no," said he; "O'Reilly is alive enough. Four years ago he wrote me a letter, saying that he was penniless, and asking me to send him $100."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I sent it to him."

"You did?"

"Certainly I did. And a few weeks later he wrote me a very grateful letter, which wound up by saying that he was completely out of money and out of business, and he didn't know what in the world he should do to keep alive if I didn't get him a place in the New York Custom House."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes."

"What did you do?"

"I went and reflected on how much pain he had caused me through a quarter of a century; on the grief and distress my family had suffered on his account; on the mortification and humiliation he had heaped upon my party and my friends, and then—then I went down and got him a place in the Custom House."

"You did?"

"I did."

"Where is he now?"

"In the Custom House, unless he has left since I heard from there. I believe he is there yet."

"Well, Mr. Weed, that beats all the revenges I ever heard of!"

"Mr. Weed, you have put thousands of men in office; have you met with grateful returns of your friendly services?"

"Oh, yes, generally. Generous gratitude has been the rule."

"I have heard," I said, "that to do a service for a man is the way to make him an enemy."

"That's not my observation," he answered.

"Then you believe in human nature and friendships after all these years of sharp party warfare and personal hostilities?"

"O heavens! yes!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "my life has been full of delightful friendships. The poet who said friendship was but a name, didn't deserve to have a friend. Notwithstanding all the setbacks, I have found the world full of sunshine, generosity, good deeds, gratitude, self denial for the benefit of others. Heavens, yes! I do believe in human nature and the general excellence of men."

Here Mr. Weed called his servant and had his now cold cup of tea changed for a hot one, while I withdrew, leaving him to finish his repast.

Mr. Tilden.

Evansville (Ind.) Courier, Dem.

Sammy is a base fraud.

He is the one man who ought to be beaten, whether he runs for President or Constable.

He is in litigation on a question that involves his character as a gentleman.

He is the boss of a Cipher brigade.

He never trusts a friend and always robs his enemies.

If he is nominated he will be beaten and ought to be beaten.

For the BLADE

MISS PANSY HERRON.

Her Education and Its Results.

BY WM. H. MAHER.

Mrs. Sam. Herron was an ambitious woman. She had worked her way up from being a nobody until she could almost claim that she was a leader of fashion. During the years that she lived in a fashionable boarding house, her entire energies were devoted to pushing herself forward, and she had a by no means easy task before her. Mr. Sam. Herron was a very commonplace man, with a moderate income. If he had been yoked to a different women he might, and probably would, have gone through life satisfied to have filled any position in society that might have been given him; but his wife did not propose to permit him now to be unmindful of the great aim of life—to go up in the world.

They who enlist under the orders of Fashion select a leader who is as heartless as she is capricious. They who win her smiles are never the ones who seek hardest for them; like all petty tyrants she respects only those who do not fear her, and they who are her slaves are treated as slaves. The only measure of success is money. Fashion will permit ignorance, snobbery, and the outraging of all that is sweet in life, but she will not hear of poverty. Under her well understood laws the person who keeps up appearances and starves, is honored, while another who works with his hands for his daily bread is ignored. Society crystallizes itself first among the rich who are so rich they need do nothing; then the ministers, and lawyers, and doctors, and well to do merchants are admitted, and, by special act of grace, the school teachers; and then a vigorous system of exclusion prevails. One of the amusing things of life, if it was not so sad, is to see the way in which society views three young women who leave school together; all equal in scholarship and in the sweet graces that make womanhood lovable. One, having parents to work for her, enters a life of idleness, and dressing well at her father's expease, is the envy of her less fortunate sisters, and the pet of fashion. The other, choosing to earn her own living, or to help those to whom she owes much, becomes a teacher, and as she has to do with our children society kindly bows to her at times, and occasionally remembers her existence. While the third, neither caring to be idle, nor having tastes or talents for teaching, selects a trade, masters it, and in an honorable way earns an honest living as one can do, yet is lost to society and is as one who is not.

Mrs. Herron began her work in a systematic manner. She selected the most fashionable church, she attended all its services after persuading her husband to buy an expensive pew, she sought introductions right and left, but always to people whom she considered a little higher than herself, she assisted at sociables and church suppers, she exalted the powers until they smiled upon her for her flattery, and at last she began to feel that her position was secure. If there was to be anything done in the fashionable word it was begun by calling on Mrs. Herron, and though she was requested to do that which she personally abhorred, yet she did it so sweetly that she constantly won friends.

But one day the papers announced with a flourish that a daughter was born to the accomplished Mrs. Herron, and they might have announced that from that moment Mrs. Herron was a changed woman. Heretofore her planning had all been done for herself, now she began to plan for the far away time when her child should be a woman. She scanned the babe with critical eyes as if she would ask what time would do for her, and early in life she began to train her in the way a fashionable young lady should go.

Heaven help the child who must begin life as a young lady! They are around us on every hand to-day; perfect models of propriety, perfect little ladies, but oh! such uncomfortable children! Who can look at Tom Thumb and others like him, and not feel pity that years should run on and that God should forget to finish his work! But mothers attempt to do what God has left undone, and begin lessons with the child that shall drive away childhood, and make womanhood only a set of forms and an artificial life.

Little Pansy Herron was taught to be a little lady. She was taught pretty little tricks and practiced them before company, winning applause, just as a pet parrot or little dog would have been applauded for their tricks.

At a very tender age she took her place in the infant class at Sabbath school, and if she did not learn her verse, she was always much petted, because she was the most daintily dressed child there. If she never played with other children she was not kept out of their company, always providing they were the right kind of people's children. Mrs. Herron took in the situation as if by inspiration. If the children's parents were rich, Pansy must do her best to please them, and must submit to everything rather than displease them. If they were only common children like herself, they must at once leave the yard. And children are not slow to learn these distinctions, nor in putting them in practice.

Pansy, as she started for school, was fully up to a "Bazar" fashion plate, and her mother had well drilled her into a knowledge of the playmates she must and must not choose.

Mothers, anxious for a moment that they can call their own, are glad to see their children go to school, but with the greatest respect for our teachers, I have often wondered why the infants should be given to the young teachers to practice on. In every profession some little preparation is considered necessary, except in this of teaching. The gay girl graduate has no sooner finished her course than she hands in her application for a position as teacher, and when she is appointed she is given a roomful of infants to practice on, and paid $300 a year for the strain on her nerves.

It is not necessary to follow Pansy Herron through her education in detail. She was neither brilliant nor was she stupid, and as all courses are laid out for the commonplace pupils, she held her own. She went through the common English branches at a pace that would make old fashioned people open their eyes. At 10 the course called for botany, and she was studying about pistils and stamens, and reciting them in a very glib manner, yet unable to have told how many six times seven were if her life depended on it. She was pushed through chemistry and astronomy in order, as the course called for them, and without much regard for anything but the course.

The old saw, "Every man to his trade," is a good one, but I cannot help saying that nothing seems so absurd to me, as the university airs that the authorities endeavor to give to our common schools. One plan of education is laid down and only one, and this points in the one direction—to the day of graduation. No arrangements are made for those who are to drop off at the way side. The hundreds who leave school every year are forgotten, because of the half dozen who graduate in June.

Pansy Herron kept on with her class. What she might have been with a less careful mother, I cannot tell; but, dressed in most exquisite taste, as she always was, she was a pretty girl. She had always been a favorite among her set at school. Age does not seem to be responsible for the love of dress in Pansy's sex. Children show the same weakness that we see in mature age. Pansy was the best dressed girl at school. And this is saying too that the boys did not avoid her. I am not sure but that in boyhood or manhood it is the same—we sneer at the love of dress, but are always attracted by a pretty toilet.

About this time Mrs. Herron began seriously to think of Pansy's marriage. I have never discovered why it is that all women look upon marriage as the great end of life. This is peculiarly a woman's view. No man ever yet was first to say of a woman, "she is becoming an old maid." One of the woman's friends first said it, and the rest of them took up the burden of the song with wonderful un

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All others not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in mathematical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgement of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this "department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well not to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books.

A. A., Queen City, Mo.: We do not handle the books named.

L. T., Springfield, Ky: See paragraphs at the head of this department.

F. M. W., Brookville, Kan.: Try Jno. E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

E. A., De Witt, Ion.: Any wholesale store might be able to supply you.

G. B. C., Polo, Mo.: The poem, we regret to say, is hardly available for our use.

H., Booneville, Ind.—Muller's History of the World, published by Harper & Bros., New York.

A. P. S., Wilton, Wis.—You can get the work you name of the American News Co., New York.

C. J. H., Junius, N. Y.—We regret to say that the book named is exhausted. We hope to have another invoice soon.

P. C., Shipman, Ill.: You can doubtless get what you want by writing to Henry Carey Baird, Philadelphia, Pa.

Geo. H., Charleston, Miss.: Although we did not find room for your note we should be pleased to hear from you again.

ESCHNER, Correctionville, Ion.—We believe you can get what you want by writing to American News Company, New York.

JAS. C. SCHAFFER, Port Treverton, ——, asks: Can any of the BLADE readers tell me of the whereabouts of Charles W. Shroeder?"

JOHN BRADLY, Maceyville, Kans., wishes to obtain the address of any of Company L, 11th Mo. Cavalry, Lt. Col. J. W. Stephens or Dr. John W. Luce.

T. S. WINCHELL, Sheffield, Ion., asks: "Can any one who reads the BLADE give me the address of Asst. Surgeon Curtis T. Fenn., of the 30th Wis. Reg. Inft.?"

MRS. ANNIE LOWE GERDING, Racine, Wis., desires to learn the address and whereabouts of Geo. W. Holliday. When last heard from was at Sardis, Miss.

CHARLES ZINGHEIM, Spearville, Kan., formerly of Company C, 5th Iowa Infantry, wishes the officers or some privates of said company to send him their address.

J. S. K., Ligonier, Pa.: We should advise you to let $1 steam engines severely alone. 2. You can get the report by addressing State Commissioner of Common Schools, Columbus, O.

JOHN YOUNG, Ellington, Mich., desires to know the postoffice address and whereabouts of Lucius Blakesley, of the 37th Wisconsin Volunteer Regiment, Co. D. When last heard from he was in Iowa.

M. M. C., Battle Hill, Kan., desires the address of Dr. —— Higgins, who was the surgeon in charge of the hospital at Camp Stoneman, near Washington, in the Fall of 1861. Address by card as above.

R. M. L., Porter's Corners, N. Y.: We have no means of knowing the number of men whose lives were lost in the construction of the Hoosac tunnel, nor can we trace the origin of the old saying you quote.

A. C. WAIT, Salina, Kan., would like to get the address of any man that was a member of Co. A, First Regiment Wisconsin Cavalry during the year 1862, or of the regimental officers or surgeons during that year.

C. M., Box 42, Little Rock, Ill., writes: "I wish to know if any one can give any information concerning one John Milton Sprague, who formerly lived in Big Rock, Kane Co., Ill., but when last heard from was in Michigan?"

JONATHAN WEAVER, Dillon, Ion., asks: "Can any of the readers of the BLADE give me the address of Dr. Grinnell, Surgeon of the 34th Ind. Vol. Inf., in 1864? If so, such information will be thankfully received by addressing me as above.

READER, Syracuse, O., asks: When and by what majority was Hayes elected Governor of Ohio?"—In 1867 he was elected over Thurman by a majority of 2,084; in 1869, over Pendleton by 7,518; and in 1875 over Allen by a majority of 5,544.

W. H., Booneville, Ion.—Cleopatra's Needle is a stone obelisk which now stands in one of the public squares in London, England, whither it was removed from Egypt. Its origin and the purpose for which it was made are shrouded in obscurity.

SAMUEL DUDLEY sends us a poem written in eulogy of the BLADE. It is well written, and nothing but modesty prevents our giving it a place in these columns. Mr Dudley has our thanks for this expression of the high appreciation in which he holds the BLADE.

T. R. W., Tilden, N. Y.—We have no special information regarding land in the two Kansas counties named. We should advise you to write to Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., and he will doubtless be able to give you full particulars.

R. L., Lick Creek, Ills., asks: "How is the average depth of rainfall measured?"—The U. S. Signal Bureau uses a cone-shaped copper vessel, the smaller end pointing downward and ending in a tube. Since the diameter of the tube bears a known ratio to the diameter of the upper surface, it is easy to ascertain the rainfall in inches.

ROBT. NICK., Fort Dodge, Ion.—We should be pleased to oblige you, but we could not date back an arrangement of this kind so as to include you without also including every other subscriber who had sent in during the same week. However, we shall be pleased to send you any book in this list at half the published price.

J. W. E., Lockwood, Mich., asks: "Whom did Gen. Grant's daughter Nellie marry? Also, his title, if any, and his religious faith?"—She married Algernon Charles Sartoris, a young Englishman of very good family, but without a title. He may be a member of the Church of England, and he may not.

M. C. B., Onalaska, Wis.—1. We do not know enough about the Company you name to warrant us in recommending them. 2. We do not handle Chambers' Encyclopedia at present. 3. We could furnish you Dr. Pierce's book at the regular price; we have no arrangement which will enable us to do any better than that.

E. H., Good Thunder, Minn.—We do not know any record of the names and addresses of persons referred to in this department, nor indeed in any department of the paper. It would be an endless task to do so. Hence it will be seen that it would be impossible for us to furnish you the address of the correspondents whose initials you give.

W. R. M., Montana, Kan., asks: "Has anything been done by way of commutation of rations, clothing, etc., for soldiers who were in Andersonville Prison who enlisted in the rebel service to save their lives?"—This is a matter about which we would advise you to say as little as possible. However, it is possible that the War Department might be able to give you some information.

R. N. H., Garden City, Kan., asks: "1. What is the salary of the members of the British Parliament, both in the House of Commons and House of Lords? 2. What was the character of the Honorable Ellis Parry, which figured in the campaign in California?"—1. Members of the British Parliament do not draw any salary. 2. They were the conservative element, which supported the new Constitution of the State. The name was applied in derision by Kearney and his followers.

CHARLES H., Chisco, Kans.: 1. If a pension is increased, the increased rate will only date from the day on which the pensioner is examined by the Pension Surgeon, although the increase may be granted for a disability not proven in the original claim for a pension. 2. We are not acquainted with the reliability of the attorneys you name, and we refer you to T. W. Talmadge, Pension Attorney, Washington, D. C., for any such service as you may desire.

W. H. W., Alton, Ill., asks: How does the expense of running the government of Great Britain compare with that of the United States?—The average annual expenditure of the English Government is about £81,000,000, or $385,000,000. This amount will doubtless be increased £25,000,000 during 1879 by the Zulu and Afghan wars. The current expenses of the United States Government, including the interest on the national debt, is just about half that of Great Britain.

SCHUCHER, Wellesville, O.: The mother will only be able to obtain pension if she proves she was in part supported by the son who died while in service, and that she depended upon him partially because her husband was physically unable to support her, and she had no other means of support. 2. The 143d O. N. G. served in Hascall's Division, 23d Army Corps, while on garrison duty north of the Potomac, and with the 16th Army Corps while on the James River, Virginia.

B. F. M., Monroe, Mich., asks: "Has the Superintendent of the Census arranged the districts and appointed his assistants yet?"—It is stated that Gen. Walker will have the census districts defined on or about the 15th day of October. The appointment of Supervisors and other officers will not be made, however, until after the meeting of Congress, and probably not until after the holiday recess, as it is the desire of the Superintendent to consult with Congressmen before making these appointments.

B. W. S., Sydney, O., asks: "What was the 'Moon Hoax,' that had such a run a good many years ago?"—It was a hoax got up in 1835, by Richard Adams Locke, and first appeared in a New York paper called the *New Era*, of which Locke was the editor. It purported to give an account of a monstrous telescope contrived by Sir John Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope, by which animals and persons in the moon were distinctly visible. For a short time it deceived the public generally, and even imposed upon quite a number of scientific persons.

A. C. B., Buda, Ills., asks: 1. "Please give an account of A. D. Richardson's death? 2. Were any of Gen. John A. Logan's ancestors of Indian descent?"—Albert D. Richardson was shot and fatally wounded in the editorial rooms of the New York *Tribune*, December 2, 1863, by a man named Dan. McFarland, to whose divorced wife Richardson had paid some attention. Before Richardson's death the marriage ceremony was performed between himself and Mrs. McFarland. 2. Not that we know of.

E. G. L., Spencerport, Ala.: This is a matter that you must settle for yourself. You might do well by going West and starting a store of the kind you name, especially if you had some capital to keep you going until you had built up a trade. But it must be borne in mind that supply and demand are things that regulate each other, and that where a locality in the West is in need of a dry goods store or hardware store, it is a very short time till somebody is at hand to supply that want. Still it might be well enough for you to make inquiries.

T. L. writes: I sent a club to you recently, and did not register simply because the postmaster refused to do so, and consequently lost the money. Now, is a Postmaster not obliged to register when requested to do so, and how will we proceed to make him do so?"—The postal regulations say distinctly: "Postmasters are obliged to register all mailable matter offered for registration." If any Postmaster refuses to do so, he may be reported to the Postmaster General at Washington, where the difficulty will no doubt be promptly remedied. It may be that the Postmaster had some good reason for his course; we have not heard his story.

J. T. LOGAN, Lineville, Pa., writes: I should be very much interested to hear through the BLADE (in its proper department) letters from parties living in the Territories of Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana and Dakota. But if this is asking too much of the generous BLADE, then I should be pleased to hear from parties direct in regard to character of country, advantages and disadvantages." — The BLADE published, not very long since, a full description of the climate, soil, resources, etc., of all the Territories of the United States. Under these circumstances we suggest that persons willing to oblige Mr. Logan address him direct.

H. A., Milan, Mich., asks: "Did Gen. Rice introduce into Congress or vote for the bill which provided for pensioning the rebel soldiers, including Jeff Davis, and which brought forth the just and eloquent remarks of Senator Chandler in opposition thereto in the Senate? If he did, there ought not be any reason why the people of Ohio should not bury him as deeply under an adverse vote as they buried Vallandigham when he sought to be Governor during the rebellion. Will the Democrats say he did good service on the right side during the war. So did Benedict Arnold until he affiliated with the enemy."—The BLADE of Sept. 18th gave a full history of Gen. Rice's connection with the arrears of pension bill.

P. H. O., Cumberland, Tenn., asks: "1. Can a soldier that was wounded in the service procure a pension by proving the facts by two of his comrades, or must the facts be proven by his commissioned officers? 2. Must the evidence of the surgeon who treated the wound be had in all pension cases before the soldier can get his pension?"—1. Pension is granted any soldier who is disabled by wounds received or in any manner while in the line of duty. 2. Evidence to prove his claim may be of record on the files of the War Department or office of the Surgeon General United States Army. In the absence of said proof, the facts of the case may be proven in any other satisfactory manner, by testimony of comrades, when no surgeon's or officer's can be had.

J. L. D., St. Charles, Mo., writes: "You spoke in the last issue of the BLADE about 'information having just been issued from Washington concerning the taking of the next census.' How can I get possession of such information? Please let me know in your next issue."—We do not know how you could get such information if you have not yet been able to obtain it. The BLADE has published (and in some cases republished) everything of interest pertaining to the taking of the next census, as fast as it was attainable. You will find the latest information regarding the districting of the States and the appointment of Supervisors given in the answers of this week. The best suggestion we can give you in regard to obtaining information is to read the BLADE.

D. B. F., New London, O., asks: "Will you please give the number of members of the different religious denominations?"—Dr. Philip Schaff, in a very instructive article published in the September number of the Princeton *Review*, gives the comparative statistics of the churches in the United States for 1878. These figures are obtained from official records and private communications of leading men of the different churches, and may be relied upon:

Denominations.	Min's	Comm. unicants.	Commun. icants to each Min'ster.
Regular Baptists	14,551	2,149,79	2,102,654
Other Baptists	3,508	3,182	354,182
All Baptists	20,972	30,931	2,676,221
Congregationalists	4,227	1,020	375,850
Episcopalians	3,100	4,200	414,855
Friends Quakers	260	300	45,000
Lutherans	2,906	2,170	878,425
Methodists—			
Episcopal Meth., North	11,678	20,000	1,710,958
Episcopal Meth., South	11,500	12,000	1,217,392
All Methodists	23,962	32,000	3,478,000
Moravians	82	50	6,400
Presbyterians—			
Presbyterian, North	4,931	3,700	967,404
Cumberland Assembly, South	1,111	1,000	111,928
All Presbyterians	8,891	10,638	897,398
Reformed Episcopalians	6	60	7,000
Reformed Dutch	350	350	79,000
Reformed German	1,100	1,000	124,500
Roman Catholics	5,750	5,000	6,875,870
Second Adventists	120	80	10,000
Swedenborgians	200	150	75,000
Unitarians	401	338	51,000
Universalists	511	362	57,900

W. H. M., Franklin, Minn., asks: "Will you please give me the nick names which are applied to the citizens of the different States?"—The ones usually employed are the following: Alabama, Lizards; Arkansas, Toothpicks; California, Gold Hunters; Colorado, Rovers; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; Delaware, Muskrats; Florida, Fly up the Creeks; Georgia, Buzzards; Illinois, Suckers; Indiana, Hoosiers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; Kansas, Jayhawkers; Kentucky, Corn Crackers; Louisiana, Creoles; Maine, Foxes; Maryland, Craw Thumpers; Michigan, Wolverines; Minnesota, Gophers; Mississippi, Tadpoles; Missouri, Pukes; Nebraska Eaters; Nevada, Sage Hens; New Shire, Granite Boys; New Jersey, Blues, Clam Catchers; New York, Knickerbockers; North Carolina, Tar Boilers; Ohio, Buckeyes; Oregon, Webfeet; Pennsylvania, Pennamites and Leatherheads; Rhode Island, Gun Flints; South Carolina, Weasels; Tennessee, Whelps; Texas, Beef Heads; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Virginia, Beadle-; Wisconsin, Badgers.

F. B. M., Manistee, Mich., asks: "Will you please give a short account of the Grand Canal of China?"—This celebrated canal of China is more than 600 miles long, and, with its branches, is said to supply 2,000 miles of water-way, and the means of irrigating and reclaiming many thousand square miles of thickly peopled country. During recent years, however, the vast sums appropriated for the management and repair of the Grand Canal have been so largely absorbed by dishonest officials, that the canal has become practically unfit for commerce in many parts, while the estimated cost of putting it in good condition is so helplessly beyond the capacity of an Empire impoverished by war, famine and official rapacity, that the Imperial Government are seriously considering the propriety of abandoning the canal entirely. For the first time since the canal was built the food supplies from the south for the support of the capital (and for the relief of the famished-stricken regions to the north and west) have this year been forwarded by sea—a much speedier and more economical route, no doubt. Still, for the great plain and its millions of inhabitants, the canal is a practical necessity, and to let it go to further destruction will seriously endanger their prosperity, if not their lives. The canal has been used for commerce for 600 or 800 years.

D. B. S., Galesville, Ill., writes: "In our Sunday-school class, the other day, the question was asked, 'What are the Seven Wonders of the World?' but no one could give the list. Will you please give them through the BLADE?"—The "Seven Wonders of the World" as usually given are—1. The Pyramids of Egypt, begun 1550 B. C. and completed 1082 B. C. 2. The Mausoleum, erected 350 B. C. over the tomb of Mausolus, King of Caria, by Artemisia, his Queen. 3. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, built 552 B. C. It was 425 feet long, 225 feet broad, and was supported by 127 columns of Parian marble, 60 feet high, each weighing 150 tons. 4. The walls and hanging gardens of the City of Babylon, which were constructed by Nebuchadnezzar, between 600 and 606 B. C. 5. The Colossus of Rhodes, which was a brazen statue standing over the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes, so large that the vessels sailed between its legs. It was the work of Chares, and was erected 288 or 250 B. C. 6. The ivory and gold statue of Jupiter Olympus, made by Phideas, 440 B. C. 7. The Pharos or watch-tower built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, 280 B. C. It was a tower built of white marble, on the top of which fires were kept constantly burning. It stood at Alexandria, and served as a beacon to sailors entering the bay.

MRS. L. D. F., Gold Hill, Nev., asks: "Will you please give a sketch of the downfall of Poland, and state to what country it now belongs, etc.?"—The more recent troubles of Poland date back to the time of Catherine II. of Russia. When Augustus III. was on the throne, a faction of the adherents of the old republican form of government secretly sought the aid of Catherine II., and while she supported them she also had an eye to future conquests. After the death of Augustus III., in 1763, a favorite of the Empress was placed upon the throne through the aid of Russian bayonets, and her ambassador became the real ruler of Poland. From that day Poland owes all her misfortunes and her final downfall as a nation to Russia. The struggle against the Russians was carried on long and fiercely, but in the meantime Catherine had concerted a division of Poland with Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa. A division by force or arms was made between Russia, Prussia and Austria in 1773, and a new partition again in 1793. The despair of the Nation broke out in a great insurrection in 1794, and Kosciuzko was called from abroad to lead it as dictator. But the means of the exhausted country were scanty; arms and ammunitions were wanting, and the Russians were soon joined by the Prussian and Austrian armies. The Third Division, which followed, annihilated the existence of Poland, sparing not even its name. The history of Poland since that time is but a record of vain and impotent struggles by the people to throw off the Russian yoke, of futile uprisings, of collisions between the military and the citizens, and of executions, banishments and confiscations.

THE OFFICER WHO NEVER DRANK.

An Interesting Incident of the War of the Rebellion.

Chicago Alliance.

In the early part of the late war, when Gen. Grant was in command of the army before Vicksburg, a number of officers were gathered at his headquarters, having a pleasant social time. One of them invited the party to join in a social glass; all but one accepted. He asked to be excused, saying that he "never drank." The hour passed, and each went his way to his respective command.

A few days after this the officer who declined to drink received a note from Gen. Grant to report at headquarters. He obeyed the order, and was soon in the presence of the General. Grant says to him: "You are the officer, I believe," for their acquaintance was slight, "who remarked the other day that you never drank." The officer modestly answered that he was. "Then," continued the General, "you are the man I have been looking for to take charge of the Commissary Department, and I order that you be detailed to that duty." He served his country faithfully until the close of the war, and was honorably discharged. Years passed, and Grant had come to be President. The officer had settled down to the duties of private life, and the little incident was cherished as a pleasant memory.

The trouble on the border between Texas and Mexico along the Rio Grande attracted the attention of Congress, and a commission was ordered to ascertain the facts and report. Again Pres. Grant remembered the man who "never drank," and appointed him Chairman of the Board. The place was accepted, and he entered faithfully upon the work; the report submitted shows the thoroughness with which the duty was discharged.

While engaged in this work he made the acquaintance of a gentleman who owned an extensive cattle ranch in Southern Texas. That acquaintance inspired confidence, and, years after, when the Texas gentleman decided to sell his ranch, he placed it in the hands of the man who "never drank," and during the last month he has effected a sale, to an English company, of the ranch of 200,000 acres of land and several thousand head of cattle for an even million dollars; out of this he gets a commission that will be a snug fortune in these hard times. The company that bought will enter largely upon packing beef for foreign markets, slaughtering their meat on their ranch from their own herds. The superintendence of their business has been tendered to and accepted by the man who "never drank," and he goes in a few days to his new field of labor. This takes from Chicago one of her most esteemed and honored citizens, but it gives one to Texas who will always be found on the side of order and good Government.

America Still Ahead.

A Western traveller having visited the Down-Easters writes, "Right across the Bay of Fundy, between St. John and Digby, is the great world's manufactory of seasickness. That is where the first germ was sprouted. There is the original pattern shop and foundry. All other localities are supplied from there. You can get some inferior articles at other points. I have seen some very good specimens of imitation seasickness that no one save an expert could distinguish from the original article manufactured off the American coast; but for the clearcut article, genuine goods, fast colors, all wool and a yard wide, you must go to the Bay of Fundy and inquire at St. John for the Digby boat. It will take you right to the manufactory. Walk up two flights of stairs and knock at the right-hand door. Knock hard. 'Dearest Sister Thou Hast Left Us,' AWAY. I cannot sing the old songs. On this Digby route you can get any kind of seasickness you are fond of. Seasickness on toast, boned seasickness, seasickness on the half-shell, Lady Washington seasickness, sausage seasickness with bitter herbs and brandy sauce, and Lorne seasickness *a la mode*. If you want a new kind not dewn on the bill of fare, they will send out and get it for you. I don't care for any more."

The Sunday School.

The Types Explained.

LESSON 2, SUNDAY, OCT. 12, 1879.

GOLDEN TEXT: For by one offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified.—*Heb.* 10:14.

LESSON TEXT.

[Heb. 9:1-12.]

1. Then, verily, the first covenant had also ordinances of divine service, and a worldly sanctuary. 2. For there was a tabernacle made; the first, wherein was the candlestick, and the table, and the shew-bread; which is called the sanctuary. 3. And after the second veil, the tabernacle which is called the holiest of all; 4. Which had the golden censer and the ark of the covenant, overlaid round about with gold, wherein was the golden pot that had manna and Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant: 5. And over it the cherubim of glory shadowing the mercy seat; of which we cannot now speak particularly. 6. Now, when these things were thus ordained, the priests went always in the first tabernacle, accomplishing the service of God. 7. But into the second went the high priest alone once a year; not without blood, which he offered for himself and for the errors of the people; 8. The Holy Ghost this signifying, that the way into the holiest of all was not made manifest, while as the first tabernacle was yet standing: 9. Which was a figure for the time then present, in which were offered both gifts and sacrifices, that could not make him that did the service perfect, as pertaining to the conscience; 10. Which stood only in meat and drinks, and divers washings, and carnal ordinances, imposed on them until the time of reformation. 11. But Christ being come a high priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building; 12. Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood, he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

A worldly sanctuary (v. 1.) God is everywhere, but we are not. He is just as near to us in one place as another; but we are not always alike near to him. We need the influences and associations of a house of worship to help us to recognize God's presence, and to incite us to the exercise of our privilege of communion with God. He who says that to him a church is no better place than any other for worship, knows nothing about real worship in church or out of it. The man who says that he can find God in the forest or the park, on the hillside or the shore, on the Lord's Day, just as easily as he can find him in the Lord's house, is not commonly the man who is looking for God in either of those localities. When God came down to be with his people, Israel, he had a dwelling place, a worldly sanctuary, where he could be sought and found of them, through material things of sacrifice. When Jesus came, to teach that God was no longer to be worshiped in Jerusalem or on Gerizim, but that the true worshipers must worship in spirit and in truth, He instructed his followers to have a divinely consecrated place of private devotion—and to go to it. His apostle also insisted that Christians should not forsake the assembling of themselves together for worship. All of us should have our worldly sanctuaries—a place of private prayer in our homes, and a place of public worship with God's children elsewhere. And having these sanctuaries, we should frequent them, to find God there, and enjoy communion with Him.

There was a tabernacle made (v. 2.) God wrought a great many miracles for the Israelites, but he didn't build a tabernacle for them miraculously. He had them make that themselves. He told them to do it, and he gave them its pattern; but the material for it and the work on it was furnished by them. And there was no debt on it when it was finished. It was paid for as it went up. All the people had a part in this tabernacle—a part in its cost or a part in its work. And they valued it a great deal more from the fact that they did build it. It is the same now as then. God does not create churches; they must be built. To build them costs something; but a good church is worth all it costs: and it is the more prized by its worshipers because of every sacrifice or effort of theirs toward its completion. If you want a good church in your community, you mustn't wait for God to build it. You must take hold and build it yourselves. So of a good Sunday-school, or a good class. These things never make themselves; they must always be made.

Accomplishing the service of God (v. 6.) Just so far as God's house and God's ministers accomplish the service and worship of God, do they do the work for which they are designed of God. All who go to a worldly sanctuary ought to have this truth in mind. They should go there not to honor the minister, nor the choir, nor the congregation, nor the architect, but to honor and worship God. They ought to come away not saying, "What a fine sermon!" "What lovely singing!" "What a fine congregation!" "What a beautiful church!" but, "We have thought of thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple!" "A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand!" The truth preached is more noteworthy than the preacher; the songs of praise than the singers; the spirit of reverence than the gathered pew-holders; the presence of God than the adornings of His sanctuary. There is no such thing as profitable church going, except so far as it tends to accomplish the service of God.

The Holy Ghost this signifying (v. 8.) The Holy Ghost is and always has been the great teacher of spiritual truths. He it was who directed inspiration of every sort, type and symbol of Christ under the old dispensation. He it was who inspired the prophets to foresee and foretell the glory of the coming Messiah. He it was who gave power and wisdom to the apostles and evangelists of the early Christian church. He it is who alone can make clear to you and to me the teachings of the Old Testament and the New concerning Jesus Christ; the same yesterday and to-day and forever. "When He, the Spirit of truth, is come," said that Jesus, "He will guide you into all truth. * * * He shall glorify Me, for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you. When we would know the meaning of a Bible lesson, we must look to the Holy Spirit to make its meaning clear to us. We ought to expect and to get more help in the explaining of the types and figures and the dark sayings of Scripture from the Holy Ghost than from all the commentaries and lesson helps together; for He who dictated the writing and directed the typifying can best tell what was signified thereby.

Which was a figure for the time then present (v. 9.) A thing which is of immeasurable worth at one time may lose its peculiar value through the passing away of the need which it met. The derrick by which a famous statue was lifted on to its pedestal; the staging by means of which the walls of a great cathedral were hung; the cradle in which a now mighty emperor lay in his childhood; the pen by which a proclamation of freedom, or the pardon of one under sentence of death, was written—these and a thousand other things which once were of surpassing importance "for the time then present," are no longer to be prized for the same reason as formerly. They may have a rare historic value; but they are not of practical use as in the day for which they were originally designed. When a type is finally fulfilled, its value as a type is at an end. He who attempts to be a priest, or to offer a sacrifice, or to wear a dress, or to have an altar, after the form and pattern of the first tabernacle and its ministries, or of Solomon's or Herod's temple service, attempts to bring into fresh prominence a type which long ago "was a figure for the time then present." It is worth now in its peculiar signification about as much as a last year's almanac.

Christ, * * a high priest of things to come (v. 11.) Even though the peculiar value of the types of the tabernacle has been brought to an end, He whom they foreshadowed has not. He is a very present help in trouble; and he is a high priest of good things to come. He was, and is, and is to be, the sufficiency of all who put their trust in Him. Whatever we have had thus far of good through our faith in Christ, more is to be added, if we will but look for and reach after it. There is always brightness for us in the future, if we follow after this high-priest of things to come. No matter what is our past record, or our present distress, the future is full of blessing to those who look for blessing to Him in whom it hath pleased the Father that all fulness shall forever dwell.

Having obtained eternal redemption for us (v. 12.) The tabernacle types foretold a coming Savior. Jesus Christ came into the world to obtain salvation for those who would accept it at His hands. And now the practical question for you and for me is: Is that salvation which the tabernacle typified, and which Jesus Christ obtained, your salvation and mine? If it is not, then the tabernacle was a failure so far as you and I are concerned. So was the coming of Jesus Christ. Ours is the Bible and all the work of Christianity. Is that question an open one?—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

Go to the Ant, Thou Sluggard.

Chicago Tribune.

The President of the United States says, in effect, that the South has not the right to be thriftless and bankrupt, any more than the tail of a dog has to pinch itself in a crack without asking the dog.

PITH AND POINT.

An Ithaca little girl, attempting to describe an elephant, spoke of it as "that thing what kicks up with his nose."—*Erie Herald.*

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be!—*Whitehall Times.*

"Beaconsfield has become a regular old woman," says a correspondent. He probably spends his time farming Afghans.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

Little girl to juvenile neighbor—"My father has family prayers every morning. Does yours?" "No, indeed, (indignantly) my father is a Democrat."

A minister up at Oshkosh
Cribbed a sermon from Dr. McCosh,
And scared with such flights
To philosophy's heights
That his listeners said it was bosh.
—*Reading Times and Dispatch.*

There are two stories about Mrs. Langtry which amount to a paradox. One is that she makes her own bonnets, and the other that Mr. Langtry wants a divorce.—*Buffalo Express.*

"It is said that "Pinafore" has been introduced among the Indians. This will explain why a number of Indians have left their reservations. The nearest rivers should be dragged for their bodies.—*N. Y. World.*

A young lady who didn't admire the custom in vogue among her sisters of writing a letter and then cross-writing it to illegibility, said she would prefer her epistles "without an overskirt. Sensible.—*Steubenville Herald.*

An Unfortunate mistake—Magistrate: "You are charged with having emptied a basin of water over the plaintiff." Irishwoman: "Sure, yer honor, ye must forgive me; in the dark I took the gentleman for me husband."

In a Normandy inn: A traveller finds in his bill a charge of four francs for biscuits, and calls the Landlord. "How is this? Four francs for biscuits! Why, you didn't give us any." "Very true, sir; I will correct it." And the corrected bill reads: "Biscuits, three francs."

A poor but high-spirited woman in Chicago pounds an old rag on the kitchen table every morning to make the neighbors believe she has beef-steak for breakfast.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

This is the kind of a man the Penn Yan *Express* is: "A good lass is she who, upon finishing a lunch in company with her own best own, turns her ruby lips to him and says: "Now let us have the dessert."

Melancholy barber (with a soul above his business)—"I don't get much of a livin' by it, sir!" Customer (through the lather)—"Then—you ought—for you scrape—hard enough—for it!"—*Punch.*

Cetewayo, as he saw Major Marter approaching the kraal, quietly remarked, "I am not the first king to suffer Marter-doom," and if it had not been for the prompt arrival of the British, his own soldiers would have killed him.—*N. Y. World.*

A preacher in a suburban town, while instructing a class of urchins in the catechism, told them that God could do everything, whereupon one of them asked: "Can God make a stone so big that He can't lift it?" The boy's question remains unanswered.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Ole Bull is going to give another series of farewells" is the statement made out of the musical publications. Isn't this the play of "Much Adieu About Nothing" set to music?—*N. Y. World.*

When the girl who has encouraged a young man for about two years suddenly turns around and tells him that she can never be more than a sister to him, he can for the first time see the freckles on her nose.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A stranger went into a Stamford prayer-meeting and spoke so earnestly and with such feeling of the love of God, that the Stamford people suspected him of some crime and set detectives to work shadowing him during the rest of his stay in the Village.—*Danbury News.*

Some people profess to believe that celibacy is more honorable than matrimony. What a pity it is that their parents before them did not think so. It would have saved the believers the trouble of an existence.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The proper form for a will nowadays will read: "To the respective attorneys of my children I give my entire estate and world-ly goods of all description. Personally to the children and to my beloved wife I give all that remains."

Professor (lecturing on psychology)—"All phenomena are sensations. For instance, that leaf appears green to me. In other words, I have a sensation of greenness within me." Of course, no harm was meant, but still the class would laugh.

The legend in an old wedding ring read as follows:

"I do not repent
I give consent."

To which might be added, to give it a Nineteenth century flavor:

And in a week's course
I may sue for divorce.

Old lady (on donkey): "Boy, boy, isn't this very dangerous?" Boy: "Werry dangerous, indeed, marm; there was a lady a ridin' up here last year, and the donkey fell, and the lady were jammed over the cliff and killed." Old lady: "Good gracious! was the donkey killed too?" Boy: "No marm; that's the werry donkey."—*Fun.*

Says Francis Parkman in the *North American*: "A woman is called masculine oftener because she lacks womanliness than because she possesses manliness, and a man is called feminine oftener because he lacks manliness than because he possesses womanliness."

"Boy, don't you know any better than to be loitering around the streets in this way on the beautiful Sabbath day?" said a Sunday school teacher on his way to his Bible class. "Oh, my ev-, I guess I do, sir. I'm a goin' fishin' just as soon as the other fellows come along," exclaimed the young hopeful.—*Andrews' Bazar.*

At a recent wedding the bridegroom, being an officer, wore his sidearms at the nuptials. A little wideawake brother of the bride, attracted by the display of weapons, and as he had another sister whose true love was a carpenter he boldly inquired: "May, when Jenkins comes to marry Milly will he wear his saw by his side?"

'Twas a newly painted doorstep,
And the lassie—most unkind—
Made him sit there 'till departing
He an impress left behind.

'Twas a double impress plainly—
Let us slyly give the clips—
There was one upon the doorstep
And another on her lips

Here is an advertisement put forth by a church in New York:

"WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR."—It will be when the mortgage on the Forsyth Street Methodist Episcopal Church is lifted, says the Rev. Dr. Monsonite, the estimable pastor. By a ticket for Saturday's benefit excursion.

Late in the afternoon one of the Police discovered a boy about nine years old curled up in a corner of Machinery Hall, and made inquiry: "Bub, what are you doing here?" "I'm lost; was the laconic reply. "How long since you have seen your friends?" "Well, I left dad about three hours ago, I guess." "And you've been lost ever since!" "Yes." "Well, it's too bad." "Yes, it's a sad case," said the lad, trying to appear very brave. "But I'll bet that while I'm doing all the *losing*, dad's doing most of the feeling bad!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A bold, bad burglar recently broke into the house of an editor in the watches of the night. The editor awakened and questioned the intruder: "What do you want here? What look you for?" Said the burglar, gruffly, "Money." "Hold on a minute," quoth the editor, "and I will help you; I've been looking myself for 15 years, but perhaps two of us may have better luck." Then was the burglar much disgusted, but the editor called it a joke and insisted that the burglar ought to set 'em up.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

Mr. Schlievenveldt was hurrying down the street, bearing, under his arm a cat with a big stone tied to its neck. "Hello" shouted a man in a linen duster, "goin' to drown her?" "Yaw, I vas," rejoined Mr. Schlievenveldt, stopping to mop his face. "No use," said the man, "you can't do it. Do you know how many lives she's got?" "Nein," replied Mr. Schlievenveldt candidly. The man in the linen duster took this for a pun and passed on.—*Brooklyn Union-Argus.*

The news come from Newport that a few days since a couple of boys attached to oil the latter to what they supposed to be a piece of rope lying on the beach. Immediately that piece of damaged humane shid out to sea and began to lash the waves at a furious rate, scooping up water now and then, and throwing it high into the air like a miniature waterspout. About half a mile ahead of the kettle was a dark object the size of a hogshead. The boys had affixed the abandoned culinary utensil to the tail of the sea serpent. That was all.—*Boston Globe.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decays, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

HOP BITTERS.

PROVERBS. "For sinking spells, fits, dizziness, palpitation, and low spirits, try Hop Bitters."

"Read of, procure and use Hop Bitters, and you will be strong, healthy and happy."

"Ladies, do you want to be strong, healthy and beautiful? Then use Hop Bitters."

"The greatest appetizer, stomach, blood and liver regulator—Hop Bitters."

"Clergymen, Lawyers, Editors, Bankers and Ladies need Hop Bitters daily."

"Sour stomach, sick headache and dizziness Hop Bitters cures with a few doses."

Send for Circular.

PROVERBS. "$500 will be paid for a case that Hop Bitters will not cure or help."

"Hop Bitters builds up, strengthens and cures continually from the first dose."

"Kidney and Urinary complaints of all kinds permanently cured by Hop Bitters."

HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask children.

The HOP PAD for Stomach, Liver and kidneys, is superior to all others. Cures by absorption.

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, OCT. 2, 1879.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Circulation this week, 88,780

If "the best citizens of Kemper County indorse" the assassination of young ladies, what will not the worst citizens of Kemper County do?

THE Potter Investigating Committee is brought before the public again by the discovery of the fact that it had never filed any accounts or vouchers in the Treasury for its expenses which amounted to $25,000. How is that for investigators of fraud?

GEN. GRANT says that while not studying the question at all, he heard enough while in China to be sure that Chinese emigration to this country, except for commercial purposes, would not be encouraged by the Government, which would readily co-operate with the United States in preventing its continuance.

SINGULAR, isn't it? If a Republican speaker chances to allude to his having belonged to the army, every Democrat within hearing groans and says, "O, that devilish bloody shirt! Will they never stop shaking it?" But we notice that any Democratic speaker who happens to have been a soldier never fails to mention and dwell on that fact.

CHICAGO *Times*: "A Solid South means 138 electoral votes, and a Solid North means 231 electoral votes. The two together mean the election of the Solid North candidate by 93 majority of the electoral votes. They mean that the election will not go to the House, and that it will be of no use to unseat Republicans and seat Democrats with a view to such a contingency."

TAMMANY KELLY is a shrewd one. The other night, when in the full tide of eloquence ratifying himself as candidate for Governor of New York, a telegram was handed him, which he told his hearers was but one of thousands that he received. It was headed, "KELLY, will you stick?" The pathetic fervor with which he announced his intention of "sticking" was something beautiful. The probabilities are that he will stick—to private life.

WE are now prepared to fill back orders for "Thompson's Medical Adviser," a book which had such an unprecedented run a few weeks ago. The "Medical Adviser," is a clear analysis and description of the nature, causes and symptoms of all the diseases to which flesh is heir, with their remedies and best modes of treatment. The book is written in language especially adapted to the nonprofessional reader, and the high standing of its author as a physician of undoubted character and reputation makes it thoroughly reliable and trustworthy. The "Adviser" is handsomely bound in library leather, illustrated with several full page engravings, and contains 1,028 pages. The regular price of the book is $4; we will send a copy by mail post paid to any address on receipt of $2.50, or the book and the BLADE one year for $4.00.

ANDERSONVILLE.

The work of preparing the Prospectus for "Andersonville" has not only been one involving great labor, but it has been unavoidably delayed beyond the time when it was to be ready. The Publisher announces that the Prospectuses are now ready, and all those who have remitted for them will receive them within a week after this issue of the BLADE comes into their hands. The little volume containing sample pages and illustrations will be sure to please all who see it.

CANADA seems determined to take advantage of the stringency in the English agricultural market. The Canadian agent at Liverpool has been directed by the Dominion Minister of Agriculture to communicate with tenant farmers in all parts of Great Britain, and wherever there are a sufficient number who look favorably upon the idea of emigration and are possessed of a fair share of capital, to invite them to send an agent to Canada, at the expense of the Canadian Government, to learn where and at what expense improved farms may be purchased, and what the character of the country, and the advantages of coming there to make new homes for themselves and families.

IT is announced that some capitalists in St. Louis are preparing to build a railroad from San Antonio, Texas, to Lerado, on the border of Mexico, thence to the City of Mexico. This enterprise is one that should commend itself to every business man in the country. Without carrying facilities it is impossible to build up a trade anywhere. Mexico is rich in vegetable and mineral wealth, has a considerable population whose wants are constantly increasing, and many of them must be supplied by imports from other countries. The United States is the most natural source to draw from, but it can not be done to any great extent without railroad facilities. It is for the benefit of the commercial interests of the country that this enterprise should be encouraged.

OUR FAMILY BIBLE.

There is probably no class of books on which the ordinary dealer makes so large a profit as on family bibles. Realizing this, we have received a small edition of a very superior style of family Bible, which we are offering at only $5.00 per copy, (although it is sold regularly at $10), or we will send the book and the BLADE on receipt of $7.00. Our stock of these Bibles is limited, and rapidly growing smaller. Back orders can be filled if our attention is called at once to the matter.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A notable feature of the grand ovation in California is the cordial co operation extended everywhere by officers of the public service. This action is simply in accordance with the instructions of the President, inasmuch as it is the declared policy of the Government to assist in every possible way in the honors shown Gen. GRANT. Under this desire, orders were issued from the War and Navy Departments, requesting that officers on the coast and the men and vessels under their control act in connection with the civil committees in extending honors to the returned hero. There is said to be a very warm feeling existing between the President and Gen. GRANT, and it is fair to presume that neither stands in the way of the other for 1880.

SEN. BRUCE, Chairman of the Committee to investigate the condition of the Freedman's Saving Bank at Washington, makes some statements which do not give much encouragement for the future. The Senator does not hesitate to say that the books of the bank have been mutilated, and that there is little possibility of ever reaching a correct showing of affairs. He belives that if the bank property and improvements were purchased by the Government at a fair valuation, an additional dividend of 20 per cent. might be paid, making 50 per cent. in all, and this, he thinks, is the most that could ever be realized.

Many portions of the West are complaining of the scarcity of notes of the smaller denominations, and asking that such notes be sent them in exchange for those of larger denominations. The Treasurer announces that he will furnish new notes of such denominations as may be desired in return for bankers' drafts in New York, and will transmit them as the applicant may indicate, but without risk or expense to the Government.

It is understood that there is in the the Tressury at Washington only a little more than six million dollars in gold coin of the denomination under $20, and that this amount is regarded as insufficient should any active demand arise. For this reason the Government announces its intention of recoining the greater part of the foreign gold received here, into five and ten-dollar pieces. Nothing smaller than $5 will be coined, as it is the intention of the Government not to interfere with the standard dollar.

A meeting of leading Southern Republicans was held at Washington on Friday last, the object being to secure from the Administration a more substantial recognition of the claims of that wing of the party. The principal source of grievance is that the President has in many cases sent men from the North to fill offices which, it is claimed could have been as well, or better, filled by native Southerners. The object is to get a fuller representation in the future.

CROP reports for the month of September show that there is a slight falling off in the yield of wheat for this year in New England, but a decided improvement in the Middle and South Atlantic States. Potatoes as returned Sept. 1st show a slight decline in the New England States. Buckwheat promises well, and in New York and Pennsylvania the average is high. The sorghum returns show the condition of the crop is 95 this year as against 84 last year.

WORKMEN to the number of 2,000 are upon a strike in Cincinnati. What they expect to gain in the end it is hard to see, since any forced rise in their wages not authorized by the condition of trade will be sure to result to their disadvantage in the long run. English immigration of skilled workmen is encouraged by just such movements as this, and it is not likely that the places of the strikers will be long kept unfilled even at the wages now paid.

GEN. GRANT has refused to be interviewed by DENNIS KEARNEY, much to that worthy's disappointment. It was too bad that he did not have an opportunity to howl his sand lot denunciations into the ear of GRANT, too bad that the latter has snubbed him so decidedly, for now he will have no chance to strut before his fellows and boast of what he dared to say, as he did after Pres. HAYES received him at the White House.

PRES. HAYES during the past week visited Mendota, Galesburg and Quincy, Ills., Sedalia, Mo., Fort Scott and Neosha Falls and Hutchinson, Kans. The Presidential party spent Sunday at Fort Leavenworth, on Monday the route was taken up through St. Joseph, Mo., Springfield, Ill. thence to Indianapolis. The party will not visit Kansas City as heretofore intended.

ON Friday morning a fire broke out in Deadwood, Dakota Territory, and nearly the entire business portion of the City was consumed. Fully 2,000 people were rendered homeless, and the total loss will reach from one and a half to two million dollars, with very little insurance. Liberal offers of aid have been made from the East, but the people show a rare independence, and are determined to do all they can for themselves before accepting outside assistance.

CETEWAYO, the savage African chief, who has so long held the English at bay, has finally been captured. He has shown wonderful skill in his management of the campaign, holding as he has done the skilled soldiers of the British army led by experienced commanders, at bay for almost five months. He has fought most gallantly, and brought to bear an almost infinite amount of skill in his discipline of troops and the use of the weapons at their command. With his ability, in other lands and under other circumstances, he would have taken his place in history by the side of the great leaders whose deeds can never be forgotten, and, barbarian as he is, the world can now feel only respect for one who accomplished so much in a struggle with such odds against him. His day is past; his power gone; his territory divided, and he himself a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Glad as the civilized world may be at the termination of a contest costing so many lives and so much of the treasure that is needed to relieve the misery existing in Great Britain, it cannot but sympathize in the downfall of one who, savage though he may be, is yet a brave man and heroic king.

WE shall shortly receive from the East a large invoice of new books especially selected with a view to the wants of BLADE readers. The new list includes a number of choice standards, books of fiction, poems, etc. Look out for the announcement of a new catalogue.

NEW MOVEMENT IN NEW YORK POLITICS.

It is generally understood that Mr. TILDEN and his allies, who represent the Democratic party in New York, are much grieved and incensed at the course pursued by Mr. JOHN KELLEY. It is also understood that they have tried all the ordinary appliances of political turf and grass for the purpose of disuading Mr. KELLEY from his insane and suicidal course, but thus far without effect. The amazement and surprise with which Mr. TILDEN and the regular nominee at first regarded these remarkable proceedings have long since given way to indignation and disgust. They know, and Mr. KELLEY knows, that the course of the latter, if persisted in, can lead to but one result, and that is the total overthrow of the Democracy at the Fall elections. Something must be done, and that quickly, or not only is the State lost, but with it TILDEN's chances for 1880.

Under these circumstances it is quite natural that TILDEN should turn an admiring eye upon the simple yet effective policy adopted in Yazoo County, and seriously contemplate the enforcement of the Mississippi policy. The two cases have a great deal in common, and each has underlying it the same fundamental necessity—the maintaenance of Democratic supremacy. KELLEY, like DIXON, has hitherto been an irreproachable member of the party. It is true that the Tammany organization had its little irregularities, but so long as they were in the line of Democratic success, the end justified the means. Like DIXON'S withdrawal from his former political affiliations, KELLEY'S getting up himself as an independent candidate has seriously threatened the "unity and harmony" of the Democratic party. As a mere matter of form it might be well for the TILDEN faction to pass a resolution declaring KELLEY "a man of violent and desperate character," and his course likely to "culminate in actual and bloody conflict." They might also "contemplate with horror the saturnalia of lawlessnes, recklessness and crime which would follow the inauguration of such a man and his satellites into the government of the State. This proceeding would of course be followed by a formal demand upon Mr. KELLEY for his withdrawal in the interests of peace and harmony. It is not at all probable that Mr. KELLEY would comply. But in such a case everything should be done decently and in order that in any subsequent action Mr. KELLEY'S friends might not have any grounds for complaint on account of the informality of the proceedings. This would bring the matter to the real arbiter — the shot gun — and Mr. KELLEY could be conveniently and expeditiously assassinated by ROBINSON, by any other candidate on the regular ticket or even by Mr. TILDEN himself—in a word by any one of the number who should first succeed in getting the drop on the offender behind his back.

It is possible that outside prejudice in New York may make this course a little more difficult than in Mississippi, and the courts of the former State may not be so ready to co-operate in securing the "unity and harmony" so essential to the Democratic party. But the emergency is decidedly greater in New York than it was in Mississippi, and if it was necessary to reiolt to the aid of the shotgun in a matter which involved the party interests in only one County, how much more so where a whole State is concerned, with a Presidential nomination in the back-ground. If Mr. TILDEN proposes to act at all in this matter, it behooves him to act promptly.

ROYALTY HISSED.

Freedom of speech in England is carried sometimes far beyond what we have been accustomed to think possible in a land governed by a hereditary sovereign. At the present time the working men are not in the best of moods towards the Government, and they do not lack for leaders to express their sentiments. As is always the case when financial distress comes upon a country, those at the head of affairs are held responsible for the condition of things. Matters in England are not now encouraging as everybody knows. Her factories are many of them silent with that silence which speaks louder than many tongues, for it tells of starvation and woe for the many. Her skilled workmen are seeking homes and employment in other lands; her crops are a failure, and her agriculturists, discouraged by the land laws, which are especially hard under such circumstances, are following in the footsteps of the mechanics. Foreign wars are depleting her treasury, and, taken altogether, her near future has a gloomy outlook.

Correspondents tell us that this state of things has aroused intense feeling, expressing itself in immense gatherings of the middle and lower classes, where addresses are made in which the name of either the Queen or the Prince of Wales is greeted with demonstrations of displeasure. A writer to the Chicago *Times* describes one recently where every allusion to royalty called forth an uproar of angry cries and hisses, except the name of the Princess of Wales which was received in a respectful silence. This fact shows how reverence for the thing itself is fading away from the minds of the English masses, and the freedom of expression in regard to their rulers growing.

CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.

A number of persons in sending remittances to the BLADE have failed to give their full addresses. We give a list below, and shall be greatly obliged if any of our readers who may know the persons named, will call attention to their omissions, in order that we may give their orders the attention which has been prevented by their own neglect:

No name, McCulloch's Mills, Pa., Sept. 21, 30c.
C. R. Long, Lakeview, no State, Sept. 15, 30c.
B. Mower, Cambridge, no State, Sept. 8, 30c.
W. V. Hazey, V. A. Kimberlin, no P. O., no State, no date, 90c.
No name, Hartland, Mich., August 25, 90 cents.
S. P. Vaughn, no postoffice, no State, no date, 30 cents.
J. A. McGregor, Freeland, no State, August 26, 30 cents.
N. Rein, no postoffice, no State, August 23, 25 cents.
F. E. Kellogg, no postoffice, no State, August 12, $2.
P. C. Morton, Postmaster, Allenwood, no State, August 5, $1.80.
Andrew Knurey, Clayton, no State, August 1, $1.
J. N. Hale, July 28, no P. O., no State, 30c.
J. W. Faucett, July 19, no P. C., no State, 25c.
L. B. Lyon, P. M., Black Creek, July 7th, no State, 30c.
No name, Summer Hill, Illinois, July 7th, $1.
A. C. Mitchell, Hamburg, no State, June 6, 30c.
W. F. Tripp, June 25, Westport, no State, 30c.
J. Nair, June 28, no P. O., no State, 30c.
O. L. Davis, June 25, no P. O., no State, 25 cts.
Mrs. L. Miller, no date, no P. O., no State, 60c.
J. H. Smith, no date, no P. O., no State, 60c.

ON THE WRONG TRACK.

Prof. JOHN WISE, the well known aronaut, made another ascension Saturday evening from St. Louis. His balloon is a large one, and his intention was to remain aloft as long as its sustaining power could be maintained. The Professor believes that at a certain altitude from the earth (say 1,500 to 2,000 feet) there is a permanent Eastern current, and that if he can only get his balloon into this and keep it there he can travel rapidly to the Eastward. To maintain the proper height, Prof. WISE resorts to the usual plan of a drag rope, the one employed in this case being about 1,800 feet long, and employs no other ballast. The drag rope simply acts as an adjuster, and as it trails on the ground the balloon is relieved from its weight, and is thus prevented from falling.

At this writing, nothing is known of the result of this latest attempt to find a permanent Eastern current—an attempt by the way which looks to a renewal of Prof. WISE's hazardous balloon navigation of the Atlantic. But even if the aeronaut should succeed in finding an invariable Eastern current, and be able to travel several hundred miles in this manner, it can hardly be said that he has succeeded in adding anything of value to the science of aerial navigation. On the contrary it would seem to retard rather than advance the progress of the aerial science. Drifting one way with the aerial current and being obliged to return by the tedious methods of ordinary travel, would be too much like the boyish sport of sliding down hill and walking back again—it is all well enough as sport, but the general average does not give very speedy or satisfactory progress.

The truth appears to be that if we are ever to navigate the air successfully it is to be not by the aid of aerial currents but in spite of them. Or to put it a little differently, it is to be without regard to the direction of the air current, and the successful air ship must sail against the current as well as with it, and do both equally well if not equally fast. The present balloon is little more than a bubble which drifts helplessly hither and thither at the mercy of every puff of wind, and while it affords plenty of excitement and risk, has virtually done nothing toward the solution of the problem of aerial navigation since the days of the MONTGOLFIERS. The air-ship that, 10 or 20 years hence, shall make reliable daily trips from New York to Chicago and return, with semi-weekly voyages from the former to Liverpool and return, will be driven, not drifted from one port to another. To withstand the currents and cross-currents of the air, and utilize them as the bird or the kite utilizes them, it must have weight and force of its own, neither of which the balloon has or ever can have. There would be no trouble in constructing a machine which could navigate the air in this manner; the main difficulty is to furnish a meteor that could propel it. As soon as this is done, and some ingenious American will do it before the active generation of to-day gives way to the next, Prof. WISE'S balloons will be entirely superseded and we shall have no more speculation in regard to permanent air currents.

ENGLISH FARMERS.

Everything which comes to us from England goes to show that a tide of emigration is setting in from Great Britain this year different from any other that has been known. It is now made up of those who have hitherto steadfastly clung to their homes, to whom the sunny skies and fruitful lands of other countries presented no inducements to leave the homes and surroundings that the associations of childhood, youth and manhood had made so dear. The fact that this class is the one whose members are now coming across the water to settle among strangers shows more conclusively than aught else the almost hopeless condstion of agricultural matter in that country until some radical change is made. Heretofore even when other workmen were disturbed, the farmers remained unmoved, but now they are endeavoring to get rid of their farms, gathering together whatever they may of money and household goods and turning their faces westward.

The question is now where will they set tle. The inducements offered by Canada will be likely to attract thither a considerable number. That country has extensive wheat lands which present an inviting prospect to the agriculturalist. They have one drawback. The winters are long and cold, and will prove to be especially trying to these new comers. In the United States, however, are localities where the soil promises as much and the climate is more attractive. This fact will, in itself, constitute a strong reason for the coming thither of many of these people. One thing is quite certain. They will prove a valuable assistance in developing the resources of any country in which they may choose to settle. A well organized effort to induce them to come to the United States would not be thrown away.

A SHAKESPEARE FOR EVERYBODY.

So many of our readers were desirous of availing themselves of our offer of standard Shakespeares at half price that our supply was rapidly exhausted. We are glad to be able to announce that we have just secured a new invoice of Shakespeare's, very handsomely printed and bound, which we will send out at only 75 cents a copy, postpaid. Those whose orders were not filled, can now have the book sent them on application.

PERHAPS no better commentary upon the difference of Republican rule and Democratic can be found, than a comparison of the two States of Kansas and Missouri. The former, Republican to the backbone, has gone steadily forward, her population rapidly increasing, growing largely in wealth, railroads multiplying, developing and law and order prevailing everywhere within her borders. Disturbances there are the exception, not the rule. The opposite condition of things obtain in Missouri, long under Democratic control. Aside from St. Louis, which ought to belong to Illinois, and one or two Counties that have chanced to be settled by intelligent New Englanders, enterprise is unknown. Schools are few and poor; education is consequently neglected; outrages are the order of the day; repudiation of honest debts the rule, and a general disregard of those things that forward the prosperity of its neighbor. The facts tell their own story.

SEN. CHANDLER'S SPEECH.

The speech of Sen. Chandler at Toledo Monday night was a masterpiece. The Senator is not an orator in the popular acceptation of the term. He does not entrance his audience with brilliant flights of fancy, gorgeously painted word-pictures or with eloquently rounded perorations. But he has what is better and more effective than these, the faculty of presenting a subject so clearly and forcibly and withal so attractively, that not a single hearer fails to grasp his meaning, or wanders listlessly from his attention. The speech of last evening covered two principal topics: a history of the greenback and an analysis of the "greenback" theories so called; and a vigorous arraignment of the course and conduct of the Democracy, with the performances of the Republican party set out as a contrasting picture.

The issue of the greenback, said Mr. CHANDLER, was but a loan from the people to the Government, not as the inflation Democrats would have us believe, a loan from the Government to the people. Every dollar of greenback currency that was issued was for value received from the people, and not a dollar was issued under any other circumstances. The "Ohio idea" was based on the assumption that the great majority of mankind were dishonest, and the men who clamored for the payment of the bonds in greenbacks wanted to do so when the greenback was worth less than a hundred cents on the dollar. The EWING-CARY party propose to pay off the bonds in greenbacks, and in order to compel the holder to bring them in for redemption propose to stop the interest upon them. The answer would be from the owners of Government securities, "We will hold our bonds till you and your associates are in your political graves, and the control of the Government is in the hands of honest men who will see that the obligations of the Government are met by the payment of its honest debts." The foreign bondholders if they were tendered payment of their bonds in fiat currency, would send their fleets to our shores and blockade our ports till they were paid in the money of the world—in gold and silver coin. The cry against the "bloated bondholders" was a cry against every poor man who had deposited a dollar in a savings bank, every man who had insured his life, every widow or orphan whose husband or father had left a little money, for the bulk of all the securities in which these people's funds were held was United States bonds. The Democratic howl against the National banks was made under a plea of saving the interest on the bonds, yet if these were returned to their owners every cent of interest must be paid as now, while the Government and the States would lose the sixteen millions of interest which the National banks now pay in National, State and municipal taxes.

The Rebels of the South, unabashed and unhumiliated by the teachings of the war, returned to Congress and flaunted before the country the same miserable old doctrine of State rights. As they threatened in 1861 to shoot the Government to death if their wishes were not complied with, so in 1878 they threatened to starve it if their claims on the Treasury and their demands for unlicensed freedom at the polls were not submitted to. Thirty six members sit in the House of Representatives without a constituency, and twelve Senators occupy seats which they hold only through fraud and violence. And yet this is the class of men who, with their associates, are claiming that the mission of the Republican party is accomplished, and that it ought to die. Here the Senator poured hot shot into the Confederate Democracy, and declared that the rebels had captured Washington and all that remained between the Rebel war claims and their ultimate payment was a Presidential veto. The pending elections of 1879 are among the most important the country has ever known, and every citizen, every honest man who would avert from the country the terrible consequences of an unfettered Rebel supremacy, will see to it that his vote this Fall is cast for the party which preserved the Union against its foes during the war, and which is the country's only hope of safety in the future.

A WORD TO AGENTS.

As announced elsewhere, the outfits for agents of "Andersonville" are now ready, and we are prepared to supply all who may send in hereafter, promptly on application. It should be understood that the territory through the Northwest is filling rapidly, and those who contemplate handling this popular work should send in as soon as possible, otherwise they run a serious risk of disappointment. The Publisher still has some first class territory unassigned, and those who want it should apply at once.

GEN. EWING said in the interview recently published that he "would never have accepted the nomination had he not been assured of receiving the support of 20,000 National votes," and he goes on to say what is sufficient to indicate that long before the Democratic Convention he was in negotiation with SHERWOOD, LINTON, ODELL, *et al.*, for the transfer to him of the votes of the party they represented. What terms are sufficiently severe to adequately denounce such tricksters, who hasten to peddle out to the highest bidder the poor dupes whom they have inveigled into the National party? All that they care for the National party, or the Nationals, is to furnish them dickering capital to trade off for their personal advancement. They would have been as ready to trade with FOSTER as with EWING, had they thought it likely their wares would bring them a better price there. The humiliation of the men—the rank and file of the National party—who fled themselves suddenly transformed into political mercenaries—into party Hessians—to be bought and sold, chaffered over, cheapened and valued by these hucksters of offices and votes, must be beyond description. Nothing can exceed the grief of a man who starts out animated by sincere convictions and elevated principles, to find out that he has been gulled by scheming demagogs and shrewd hypocrits, who coin profit for themselves out of his highest impulses. This is what is now killing the National party and driving its members from its ranks.

PHILADELPHIA *Bulletin*: We suppose those Democratic shot-gun fiends who shot the colored Postmaster in South Carolina will say they were only trying to get rid of a black mailer.

THE MAGNETIC YOUNG MAN.

His Adventures and Misfortunes.

Puck.

Miss Clare, of Rodney, Ont., is a very attractive girl. Her attractiveness is perfectly "shocking." She is charged with electricity, and acts precisely like a galvanic battery—if you will excuse the pun. By joining hands, we are told, she can send a sharp shock through a dozen persons, and she possesses all the attraction of a magnet. Needles will hang suspended from her fingers, and when she attempts to pick up a knife, the blade will jump into her hand.

We believe all this—and more too.

We once knew a young man who was similarly afflicted. But he was not a happy young man. Quite the contrary. He would have willingly exchanged his shocking gift for a bad case of toothache, or the mumps, or something that way. He was a powerful magnet, and this marvelous peculiarity plunged him into divers difficulties.

One day, while standing in a crowd, gazing at a procession, he suddenly found four portmonnaies clinging to his fingers, and about the same time he was seized by four men, who yelled "Police!" The steel clasps of the purses had to succumb to the young man's wonderfully developed electric power. He was arrested on the charge of being a professional pickpocket; and when he was taken before a magistrate, that functionary turned a deaf ear to his explanation, until he missed his steel rimmed spectacles and steel pens, and found them clinging to the prisoner's cheeks. The complainants, seeing how he was "charged," withdrew the charge, and the magistrate discharged him.

Once, when he made an evening call upon a couple of interesting young ladies, he even wished he was dead—and buried—ere 15 minutes had winged their rapid flight. He innocently backed up against a table whereon was a loaded needle cushion, and when he sat down soon afterwards, he didn't stay sit a second, but wildly sprang to his feet, emitting a series of shrieks that nearly frightened the life out of an old lady in the next room, threw one of the young ladies into a swoon, and caused the other to gather her skirts closely about her ankles and clamber up on a table under the impression that there was a masked burglar, or a mouse, or some other hideous monster in the room.

It was a very painful *contretemps*, indeed, and the young man didn't stay long after that. He said he was sick and must go home; and his appetite for sitting down was sadly impaired for more than a week.

This human loadstone visited the office of the Saintville *Democrat Globe* one day, and when he returned home he found 10 pairs of scissors hanging to various portions of his body, and the *D. G.* was compelled to come out next morning with a great deal more original matter than usual. And one evening he whispered something tender into a nice young lady's ear, and when he removed his head she gave forth a shriek that made his heart stand still and his hair on end. Her father rushed into the room and elevated him into the street with his boot, with such phenomenal celerity and startling emphasis that he thought a comet's tail had struck the earth. The young lady wore steel ear rings, and when the magnetic young man suddenly withdrew his head, one of the ornaments was torn from her ear, and that organ nearly pulled out by the roots. Owing to her father's misapprehension, he didn't stay to apologize. This is trustworthy.

One afternoon, while promenading the main street, and ogling the girls, a terrible thing happened to him. He suddenly felt an oppressive weight, as it were, in his rear, and placing his hand behind him, he found that his magnetic power had attracted a large dog-collar. Unfortunately, the collar had a full grown dog in it, and when the animal begged in piteous tones to be released, a policeman thought the young man was assailed by a rabid canine, whereupon he drew his revolver, closed both eyes and discharged six shots at random. (Random, by the way, was not the name of the dog.) One bullet shattered a plate-glass window, another lodged in the calf of the young man's left leg, a third went through a tall gentleman's hat, and the others missed the mark altogether. Two men now seized hold of the dog's hind legs, and pulled—and the magnetic young man's Sunday trousers were laid up for repairs.

It is a terrible thing to be a living, breathing magnet, and this Ontario girl may expect to encounter all sorts of unpleasant adventures if she goes out much.

Why, one day, this magnetic person of whom we write accepted an invitation to look at some valuable paintings a friend had just purchased, and he had hardly entered the room when his magnetism drew all the steel picture nails out of the walls, and the paintings fell with a crash. The owner thought it was a death-token, and that he would lose a member of his family within a week.

This magnetic young man couldn't enjoy himself anywhere. He never felt so confused in his life as when he praised a young lady's wealth of golden hair, and then attracted all the steel skewers and pins and things out of her tresses, and saw $17 worth of store hair fall upon the floor. The young lady was just as much confused as he was, but that didn't repair matters much, and he abbreviated his visit more than three hours worth.

But the worst—and also the best—thing that ever happened to him was one night in August. He took a sundown ramble up the railroad about two miles out of town, and before retracing his steps he unthinkingly seated himself upon a pile of old steel rails.

He didn't get home that night.

When he attempted to rise to resume his walk, he found himself firmly anchored, the four rails he touched weighing over 600 pounds. He yelled "Police!" "Murder!" "Fire!" but all in vain. His cries were not heard. He felt so miserable that he would have exchanged positions with the President of the United States, with all its cares and burdens without demanding a dollar to boot. To add to the unpleasantness of his predicament, a terrific storm came up about an hour before daylight. The thunder thundered like thunder, the lightning lightened like lightning, and the unfortunate young man tried to think of a prayer he was taught at Sunday-school. All of a sudden—perhaps a trifle quicker—sort of instantaneously—there was a blinding flash, a fearful crash, and two hours later the young man was picked up insensible.

When he returned to consciousness he felt as if he had been interviewed by a New York policeman's club; but his magnetism was gone. The lightning stroke had cured him. It went right to the spot and knocked spots out of it and never struck a bill a yard long.

The Ontario girl should sit on a pile of steel rails during a thunder-storm.

Forney's Dog.

A Virginia paper tells this story of Mr. David S. Forney's dog: "Mr. Forney took his dog into the house (this was not at home—therefore not a trick,) and gave us his pocket-book, with instructions to carry it a distance to the field, and place it somewhere on the fence, in a direction that the wind would blow from it to the house. We did so, and returned. Mr. Forney came out with his dog, sat down and said nothing nor did he speak to the dog. Presently the dog pricked up its ears and commenced to sniff the air, started off in a direct line to where the pocket book was, passed it a few feet, came back, reared upon the fence, got it, came to its master and laid it in his hand. We took a number of hats to the outer edge of the lot; these he brought in, selecting his master's first."

Seasonable Hints.

Boston Transcript.

Give your poultry double rations, in view of Thanksgiving. If intended for market, keep them well supplied with gravel. It helps to digest their food. There is nothing that so liberally repays investment. Gravel can be got for the hauling, and brings a shilling a pound when sold as poultry. The farmer who sells a chicken with empty gizzard has mistaken his calling.

APPOMATTOX.

Another Version of the Surrender of Gen. Lee.

Gen. John B. Gordon on the Unwritten History of the Event—How the Confederate Army Received the News.

Interview in the Philadelphia Times.

"On the night of the 7th of April was held Lee's last council of war. There were present Gen. Lee, Fitzhugh Lee, as head of the cavalry, and Pendleton, as chief of artillery, and myself. Gen. Longstreet was, I think, too busily engaged to attend. Gen. Lee then exhibited to us the correspondence he had had with Gen. Grant that day, and asked our opinion of the situation. It seemed that surrender was inevitable. The only chance of escape was that I could cut a way for the army through the lines in front of me. Gen. Lee asked me if I could do this. I replied that I did not know what forces were in front of me; that if Gen. Ord had not arrived—as we thought then he had not—with heavy masses of infantry, I could cut through. I guaranteed that my men would cut a way through all the cavalry that could be massed in front of them. The council finally dissolved with the understanding that the army should be surrendered if I discovered the next morning, after feeling the enemy's line, that the infantry had arrived in such force that I could not cut my way through.

"My men were drawn up in the little Town of Appomattox that night. I still had about 4,000 men under me, as the army had been divided into two commands and given to Gen. Longstreet and myself. Early on the morning of the ninth I prepared for the assault upon the enemy's line and began the last fighting done in Virginia. My men rushed forward gamely and broke the line of the enemy and captured two pieces of artillery. I was still unable to tell what I was fighting. I did not know whether I was striking infantry or dismounted cavalry. I only knew that my men were driving them back, and were getting further and further through. Just then I had a message from Gen. Lee, telling me a flag of truce was in existence, leaving it to my discretion as to what course to pursue. My men were still pushing their way on. I sent at once to hear from Gen. Longstreet, feeling that if he was marching toward me, we might still cut through and carry the army forward. I learned that he was about two miles off, with his men faced just opposite from mine, fighting for his life. I thus saw that the case was hopeless. The further each of us drove the enemy the further we drifted apart and the more exposed we left our wagon trains and artillery, which was packed between us. Every time either of us broke only opened the gap the wider. I saw plainly that the Federals would soon rush in between us, and there would have been no army. I therefore determined to send a flag of truce. I called Major Hunter, of my staff, to me and told him that I wanted him to carry a flag of truce forward. He replied:

"'General, I have no flag of truce.'

"I told him to get one. He replied:

'General, we have no flag of truce in our command.'

"Then said I: 'Then get your handkerchief, put it on a stick and go forward.'

"'I have no handkerchief, General.'

"'Then borrow one and go forward with it.'

"He tried, and reported to me that there was no handkerchief in my staff.

"'Then, Major, use your shirt!'

"'You see, General, that we all have on flannel shirts.'

"At last, I believe, we found a man who had a white shirt. He gave it to us, and I tore off the back and tail; and rigging this to a stick, Major Hunter went out toward the enemy's lines. I instructed him to simply say to Gen. Sheridan that Gen. Lee had written me that a flag of truce had been sent from his and Grant's headquarters, and that he could act as he thought best on this information. In a few moments he came back with Major ——, of Sheridan's staff. This officer said:

"'Gen. Sheridan requested me to present his compliments to you, and to demand the unconditional surrender of your army.'

"'Major, you will please return my compliments to Gen. Sheridan, and say that I will not surrender.'

"'But, General, he will annihilate you.'

"'I am perfectly well aware of my situation. I simply gave Gen. Sheridan some information on which he may or may not desire to act.' I showed Gen. Sheridan Gen. Lee's note, and he determined to await events. He dismounted, and I did the same. Then, for the first time, the men seemed to understand what it all meant. And then the poor fellows broke down. The men cried like children. Worn, starved and bleeding as they were, they had rather have died than have surrendered. At one word from me they would have hurled themselves on the enemy and have cut their way through, or would have fallen to a man with their guns in their hands. But I could not permit it. The great drama had been played to its end. But men are seldom permitted to look upon such a scene as the one presented there. That these men should have wept at surrendering so unequal a fight; at being taken out of this constant carnage and storm; at being sent back to their families that they should have wept at having their starved and wasted forms lifted out of the jaws of death, and placed once more before their hearthstones, was an exhibition of fortitude and patriotism that might set an example for all time.

"Ah! sir, every ragged soldier that surrendered that day, from the highest to the lowest, from the old veteran to the beardless boy, every one of them, sir, carried a heart of gold in his breast. It made my heart bleed for them, and sent the tears streaming down my face, as I saw them surrender the poor, riddled, battle stained flags that they had followed so often, and that had been made sacred with the blood of their comrades. The poor fellows would step forward, give up the scanty rag that they had held so precious through so many long and weary years, and then turn and wring their empty hands together and bend their heads in an agony of grief. Their sobs and the sobs of their comrades could be heard for yards around. Others would tear the flags from the staff and hide the precious rag in their bosoms and hold it there. As Gen. Lee rode down the lines with me and saw the men crying, and heard them cheering 'Uncle Robert' with their simple but pathetic remarks, he turned to me and said in a broken voice, 'Oh, General, if it had only been my lot to have fallen in one of our battles, to have given my life to this cause that we could not save.' I told him that he should not feel that way, that he had done all that mortal man could do, and that every man and woman in the South would feel this and make him feel it. 'No!' no!' he said, 'there will be many who will blame me. But, General, I have the consolation of knowing that my conscience approves what I have done, and that the army sustains me.'

"In a few hours the army was scattered and the men went back to their ruined and dismantled homes, many of them walking all the way to Georgia and Alabama, all of them penniless, worn out and well nigh heartbroken. Thus passed away Lee's army; thus were its last battles fought; thus was it surrendered, and thus was the great American tragedy closed 'let us hope, forever.'"

An Humble Worshiper.

Forney's Progress.

They were up among the mountains in Pennsylvania.

"How grand it is!" said Miss Enthusiast.

"I see nothing to admire," replied Miss Blase. "I have been in Switzerland."

Her companion was almost crushed, but she said pleadingly, "I have never been in Switzerland, and this looks so fine to me. I hope you won't mind."

A GRAND OFFER.

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CLASS I.

The following list contains an assortment of good books on all subjects, only one or at most two of each title being offered. The books are all as good as new, and retail everywhere at from $1.00 to $1.25 per volume. We will send any book POST PAID at one-half the price annexed, or we will send any book in the list and the BLADE one year on receipt of $1.75, thus giving the subscriber a copy of the paper at CLUB RATES, and a book of his own selection FREE. Since orders are likely to be large, subscribers are requested in all cases to designate a second choice. Selections will have preference in the order in which they are received:

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TEACHING, by Nathaniel Sands; 60 pages, large octavo, tinted paper, price 1.00.

THE TOUR OF PRINCE EBLIS, his Rounds in Society, Church and State, a poem; 150 pages, tinted paper, illustrated, price 1.00.

THE KING'S LILY AND ROSEBUD, a delightful fairy story, by Anna M. Diaz; 144 pages, illustrated, price 75c.

MARIE, a Story of Russian Love, by Alexander Pustekin; 200 pages, price 1.25.

NEW ENGLAND, a Hand-Book for Travelers, guide to the chief cities and popular resorts of New England; 400 pages, price 1.00.

LEONORE'S TRIALS, or Learning to Follow Jesus; a juvenile story; 280 pages, illustrated, price 1.25.

LIGHT FROM THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM, a poem, by Mrs. S. E. Dawes; 70 pages, illustrated, full gilt edges, price 1.00.

THE JUKES, a Study in Crime, Pauperism and Heredity, by R. L. Dugdale; 120 pages, price 1.00.

THE IOWA BAND, a Story of Missionary Experiences in the early days of the West, by a member of the band, with steel portrait of Rev. Asa Turner; 183 pages,

Correspondence.

For the Blade.

MAKING THE MOST OF ONESELF.

Occupation for Women.

The woman who wishes to make a success, in other and franker words, to make money, will find one rule for her and for men with the same ambition—she must do the work the world wants for it. The great leading wants of the globe are food and clothing, shelter and transportation. Whoever has to do with the supply of these common needs is certain of a sure, if not a large income, which will increase with the aptitude and experience of years. The strength of women does not incline them to the trades of carpentering, masonry, or rolling iron for railways, but the departments of feeding and clothing the world, or a share of it, have principally fallen to them. Lately, in disgust at their allotment, sharing the general antipathy to labor which has seized upon the world, women have made an outcry for wider choice of occupation, and raised a dismal clatter in our ears about it, instead of quietly and busily proving their fitness for the work, and reaping the rewards of it. In the darkest ages, the women who would learn and work, were doctors of law and of medicine, and held fiefs and baronies, raised battalions and voted in conclave of the highest, as did noble abbesses and chatelaines 500 years ago. It could hardly be that the women who are dining at the gates of English and Scotch Universities to be allowed to study medicine and have called the attention of two continents to their grievances could not have found just as good, if not more careful tuition of a semi-private kind from doctors of eminence which would have sent them out better prepared for usefulness than triple diplomas, without anybody in particular objecting. There is a great deal said about the admission of women to Harvard, and bitter comments made on the reluctance of the faculty to admit them as students with the men, a hesitation which I as a woman feel entirely to their credit, and an outcome of chivalrous care for young women too young and heedless to know precisely to what companionship they wish to submit. Men and women of experience, knowing the riot and ferment astir under college routine are not anxious to send girls side by side with reckless young men, any more than they would send them for gymnastic drill on the field with the State volunteers at yearly camp. But under the present restrictions, there is nothing to hinder any woman from going through to Harvard course of study, and attending the lectures of the professors, which Boston and Cambridge ladies have done for the last 20 years to my knowledge. If there is any sovereign benefit in sitting on the front benches with the students, instead of in the visitors' gallery, and in wearing a graduation dress and blushing through a flat essay or oration at commencement, and receiving the diploma which a good many thousand young men have not found the philosopher's stone and passport to success, plain, practical people fail to see it. No university helped Mrs. Somerville to her Greek, or Abigail Adams to her learning. Neither family cares nor conservative influences could hinder them from their studies, and all the women with brains and will enough to make the least use of learning, or of any aptitude they have for other pursuits, will find a way to what they want, with the good will of all concerned.

Fortunately, the young women with a college craze are one to a thousand anxious to step into a livelihood by a shorter cut. Newspaper correspondents are supposed to have relations to their readers which justify any one in asking advice and help in all manner of private concerns, especially young women wanting to make some money. The want of clear ideas in the matter are so deeply felt that no appeals are more good-naturedly answered in general. Out of a hundred who apply, the majority want to support themselves and dress well, and propose to do it—how? Either by copying, which seems easiest to do, or newspaper or newspaper writing, if the applicant fancies her abilities can be cowed or tortured into any shape that will pay. Failing these, she contemplates short hand reporting or wax work, or knitting bubble soapers. In these latter days, china painting has come to swell the list of genteel and easy employments. If the girl has a pretty face and figure, and no vanity than common, her ambition takes to the stage where she fancies her complexion, or eyes and hair, with the influence of some leading personage, will not fail to secure her a promising debut. Each one of these young women who have gone out into the world, and after short probation have impressed it with their abilities or their charms, been received into its favor, and lived happy ever after. When she finds that each one of these pursuits requires months and years of training, not of hand or mind alone, but also, in the business methods and perception which make them of any use, she goes away vastly out of temper with the World. She learns that copyists average $8 a week, and pay $9 50 for scant board, and are expected to work from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M., and later if there is stress of work. If she pulls, she may get an order for dinner cards at $2 a dozen, or tiles at $5 a dozen. Or she may paint the silk covers of toilet bottles for 75 cents apiece, or be happy to get such an order as engaged one young artist I heard of, to paint landscapes on the inside of shells, as souvenirs for a seaside hotel to offer its guests. He was to color 2,000 shells, for which he was to receive $100. In fancy knitting the only resource is to put the work in a repository and let it take its chance, which with the most delicate floss-wrought sacques of the newest stitch and shape selling for $1.50, and ordinary ones for 50 cents is not encouraging at best. I walked the streets from shop to shop this season, trying to dispose of two pairs of little crochet socks a young lady had sent from the country, and the insight given by the little experience was worth the trouble. The qualities required to meet the taste in such trifles as a baby's sock, the perfection of shape, color and stitch had each to be considered. They seemed to me pretty and fine, as they came in their little blue box, but the fashionable shops would not look at them. They were tossed back by the brusque proprietors, with rude comments, "they wouldn't do for our trade at all. There isn't anything right about them."

"I could see from here to the door that they weren't what they ought to be. I wouldn't have them in the shop," one big man said, the best known dealer in such goods on the avenue, with manner more uncivil even than his words. "I should not wish to sell them to you on any account," I remarked composedly, tying up the little box and sailing out of the shop, and he looked and the awe struck shop-girls looked as if they had a dash of cold water in their faces, and began to have a glimmer that I told the truth in saying I wished to sell the work for another person. The counter shock of impudence like his own silenced the man, and I was allowed to depart in peace. But the thought would come, suppose, instead of doing a service for a stranger, I had been a woman trying to sell my own work for need, perhaps of bread; how the rudeness and disappointment would have crushed me! There are women going about with their bits of work trying to change them for a living, meeting such repulses, in just such ignorance of what suits the demand. If I live I will learn what is wanted in some kinds of work, and try to show them. The matron of one repository was condescending enough to point out the defects in the socks, at my request: "We make our socks rounder at the toes and shape them differently. The man was wrong in finding fault with the knitting, that will pass, though not as even as it should be. But they are blue and white, and our customers only want white wool socks. We could not undertake to sell them. They are pretty, if any one wanted blue and white, and you might get 50 cents for them sometime."

Fifty cents for what was probably a day's work for the knitter, who wrote that she would be glad even to make a trifle to pay the postage on the letters which cheered her invalid life. It was hard. I could not even get that. On the other hand, 50 cents is a large price for a trifle like a baby's socks, which could only wear a week or two, and most women cannot rightly afford to give that. If they want these little elegancies of fancy knitting, in shawls, or hoods or embroideries, they must make them with their own fingers, or buy at the cheap prices of the shops. What use is it for a girl out West to offer to knit shawls for $1.50, the owner finding the wool, when pretty crochet shawls are selling at $1.25, where the buyer can inspect them without trouble. The societies are burdened with fancy knitting enough to last two years ahead.

Journalism and magazine writing to pay at all, require natural gifts and training—which last, too many writers grieve to own, they took as they could get it, as they went along. I have known women who hated housekeeping to shrink from the lower grades of newspaper work like reporting sermons at 50 cents a column, which is all a professedly religious daily of New York paid an educated woman for regularly taking down the Sunday sermon of some popular preacher. The dramatic editor and book reviewer on a certain daily evening paper, in the same city, wrote 15 columns a week for a salary of $20, less than the mere copying alone would cost, and he was an able, polished and educated man, employed by a pig of a proprietor who had bought up a bankrupt paper as a cheap way of getting social prestige and getting free passes and opera tickets for himself and family. I'm happy to say paper and owner failed ignominiously under such management, as they deserved to do, and as such papers are sure to do. Or you might like the magnificent offer a Boston firm in the children's book and religious line sent for a lady all the way from New York to make which was to write four juvenile books, and select the illustrations, from the old plates of half a dozen different firms, going over thousands of designs in the work, for which they would pay $100. She could have made more by going out as cook. It is the crowding of untrained, unfit writers into the profession, eager for anything they can get for anything they can do, which makes such shabby prices possible. The poor work is taken by unprincipled, uneducated publishers, who have left the pork and commission business to go into books because by stealing foreign books and getting hack work at Grub street prices few sorts of business can be run so cheaply as the book and paper trade. Unfortunately, for their calculations, readers *do* know the difference between half way and good work, and are yearly coming to know it better, and more is required of writers, both of information and style. It takes quick hands and constant acquisition to keep hold of public interest. It is because they neglected to improve that many favorite writers have declined in value, like one woman I know of, who was said to boast that she never was paid less than $20 for any article, but was a short time ago asking to write country letters for $5 each, while a poor little writer whom troubles had thrown into the shade and was trying to get forward by sheer hard work and study, was gratefully encouraged by being paid double price without asking it, spite of the hard times. You don't want to begin writing for a living, young woman, unless, first, you have the natural talent which must write, and then you study facts, human nature and events, to have something to say. There will not be so many cheap-grade writers five years from now—they will be starved off, or gone into legitimate callings.

So, the circle narrows. The great choice still remains open to all who will improve it, to help feed or to clothe the world. In plain terms, be cook or dressmaker. Now, this does not necessarily mean any nonsense of lady helps, on the one hand, or going out by the day to sew, on the other. A lady-help is too much of an extravagance for most households; firstly, because one would expect the wages of a good school teacher, and then need another girl to do the rough work. What is wanted is decently trained, careful, economical, skilful servants, equal to turning off the work of a small family by labor-saving machines, and with neatness enough to rob every part of the work of coarseness. I don't think all this would be too much to expect. It is no more than every shop-keeper demands of every employe, from office boy to head clerk—that he should understand his business, and do it in his best manner. Men would never tolerate for a moment in their business the incapacity and waste which women accept in their households. But let that pass. The woman who would make her housekeeping gifts available, has a score of resources beside going out to work. She must learn to cook well and surely first, and then, if she is clever, cooking lectures are the fashion, and cooking classes in country towns are not unheard of. There is the business of canning and preserving fruit, which pays well. "Oh, but it takes some one who understands canning well!" cries incapable. Pray, what do you expect to find to do, without understanding it? If you ever come across any way to make money without learning how, or giving your mind to it, you had better ... the recipe. The trouble with many, ... afraid sometimes with most women, is that they want something easy to do, ... can be learned without any pains, ... the work doesn't exist. In these anti housekeeping times, there are chances enough for clever women to make good livings by the old abused business of keeping boarders—as they ought to be kept. But when the waste, and unthrift which rule most families are carried into a boarding house, great is the fall thereof. Girls in country villages ought to make their spending money by putting up jams and drying fruit, and making fruit butter for which there is generally much better sale in the nearest market town than by sending to the city which chooses from a thousand sources of supply. It is not hard work to raise herbs in variety, powder and sift them and pack in neat paper boxes for sale. The secret of making money in these ways is to form a connection with town families and supply them directly, taking the whole profit. There is not a town of 1,000 people half way supplied with garden products as it ought to be anywhere in the North. This is but the beginning of what can be done by women to supply the great demand for food.

SHIRLEY DARE.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

How to Remove a Postmaster—The Southern Short Method—The Exodus—The Booms at Chicago and on the Pacific—The South and Mr. Tilden—The Independent Movement in Georgia.

Correspondence of the Blade.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26, 1879.

The Democrats of the solid South are not satisfied with the power claimed of nullifying United States laws, but would also nullify United States appointments. The woman who held the Postoffice at Blackville, S. C., having became neglectful of her duties and allowing packages to be fingered and opened by parties to whom they were not addressed, the Postmaster General sent a special agent to inquire into the case, and on receiving his report removed her, and appointed in her place a Republican who was a colored man. Sen. Butler (Hamburg Butler) complained of the appointment, but the Postmaster General did not see fit to have the offensive man removed, whereupon the chivalry undertook to remove him without the concurrence of the Postmaster General; and they would have succeeded only the pistol was not well aimed.

The Southern method of removing objectionable officers and taking off objectionable candidates for office is a short method, and very effective, but is not new. It has been in favor with street pads and gentlemen of the road for many years, but with this difference. The robber who stops your horses on the highway and demands your money covers the transaction by getting out of the way, in some dark or dismal wood, or under the black wings of the night. But the shooting of the Chisholms and the Dixons and the Nixes is done openly, and with the concurrence of the "best citizens." Sen. Butler denounced Nix and opened the way for his removal by declaring that he was a bad man. Luther Williams, who did the shooting, did not attempt to conceal the job, and evidently expected that it would be applauded. He called for his letters, and while the new Postmaster was answering the call, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and was busy in finding the letters, Williams took out his pistol and shot him, aiming at his back, according to the most approved Southern custom. The ball took effect in his right arm, and as he happened to be turning at the moment, also hit him in the breast, but it did not kill him, and yesterday the Postmaster General telegraphed that if the office could not be protected it must be closed.

What are we coming to? Is this peace? Is there to be no protection for the ordinary rights of "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness? especially, has it come to this, that the Government of this great country cannot protect its own officers? Has it come to this that the Federal Government must get out of the way and abolish its officers because it has no power to punish a murderer? The man who should insult our flag in Austria or Turkey would feel the whole power of the Government, but the man that insults an officer and drives him from his post of duty, in open day light—who shoots him through a window while he is answering a public call cannot be reached because of State rights. Surely if this country is not a Nation it is time that it was. It is time that it took upon itself such powers as would enable it to put forth the hand of power for the protection of its own dignity. But this is only a sample of much more. Mr. E. S. Hamlin has just returned from the South where he has been, at the request of Sec. Sherman, to inquire into the causes of uneasiness on the part of the negros and the reasons of the exodus. His report shows that the freemen are no longer free, and in some of the States are rapidly retrocoding into their old condition.

An emigrant from Carroll Parish, La., said that the planters of that Parish had "*resolved*" that all payments for work of negros and for cotton bought of them, should be made in the scrip of the Parish; that farm hands must get passes from the planters for whom they worked to go to another plantation; that rent should be $10 per acre; that the price paid hands should be $12 per month in scrip, and one-half held over against the next year's crop so as to compel them to remain on the same plantation. They gave out that these resolutions were to be the law for laborers, and that any one who resisted them should be shot. This same man had the idea, too, that they were in earnest, for when he complained and tried to break away and go North he found it was no easy matter. He was pursued and shot at, was seized and stripped of everything that he had, and escaped only with his life. Another said, "They tried to prevent me from leaving. The Constable followed me and seized my horse, and said I owed a debt. I asked what debt. I knew I owed nothing. He said you will find out when you come to Court. I sold my property for half its value and hid in the woods four months before I could get away. I was afraid to stay there—was afraid of my life."

It is no wonder that these men seek to get away. Mr. Hamlin says that in Mississippi and Louisiana they have no protection against extortion or any form of personal ill treatment; that the laws are not for them and not administered in their interest; that they are beaten or murdered without the least fear that there will be any punishment, and that their only hope of bettering their condition is in fleeing to some other State. We have been wont to call the poor people the wards of the Nation; but the Nation is not Nation enough to go down into a State and see that its wards are properly protected. All it can do is to abolish a Postoffice when the Postmaster is shot, and to open the free soil of the North to its wards and tell them to run for it when they are cheated, abused and beaten. But enough of this. It is to be hoped that a better day is not far off. Mr. Evarts hit the nail on the head when he spoke of the great losses which the South had sustained. He said they entered the rebellion and lost everything but honor: then they entered Congress and lost all that they had saved from the war.

There is a big Grant boom on the Pacific, and midway the President is booming not a whit the less, while in Ohio there is a strong Foster boom and in New York a strong Cornell boom, and if there is only a corresponding boom when the votes are counted in October and November, there will be joy in many millions of loyal hearts throughout the North. We appreciate the fact that Ohio has a big fight on her hands and it is current here that the barrel has had the head knocked out and that the contents are being poured without stint into your state. That is now understood to be the meaning of the meeting last week of the National Committee. Mr. Tilden said to Richard Merrick, a leading lawyer of this City, that to carry Ohio was much more important than to carry New York, and there is no doubt that all his "strictly moral forces" are bent in that direction. But Ohio was true during the war; let her "spread her banners" to make sure what she then gained!

Do you notice how the South pokes at Tilden? But, then, as the Mobile *Register* says: "Of course whoever is the nominee will receive our support." But, with any other people it would be a little difficult to take him after giving him the sort of character meted out by the New Orleans *Times*. Here is a sample: "A cold-blooded, scheming politician, and *nothing else*; without a characteristic to arouse enthusiasm; suspected of corrupt and dishonest practices in professional and business life, as well as in his keen and hungry hunt for office, his renomination would be a disgrace to the Democratic party, and an act of political suicide." That's a pretty bad case, but we don't see but that the suicide must come. The Democrats are first class at repudiation, but it is not easy to see how they can repudiate Tilden's nomination on his party.

The Independent movement which was foreshadowed in one of my letters, is making dire progress in Georgia, and the prospect is good for a pretty even fight with the "powers that be." The cases of corruption in some of the State officers, which have not only been charged but investigated by a court and found so serious as to end in impeachment, lends importance to the movement, and as it is backed by Senator Hill and by several Members of Congress, it is becoming a serious matter for the "ring." If it should turn out to the advantage of the "under dog," the result could hardly fail to be felt through all the South, and it would be pretty likely to break up the "solid" and be a relief and a release to the negros. All the true friends of the South must hope that in dependence will continue to boom

BUCKEYE.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral—the world's great remedy for colds, coughs and consumption.

To Every Lady and Gentleman

Suffering from piles (or hemorrhoids), no matter of what nature or how long standing, I will guarantee a cure by a simple and painless process, at the patient's own home, in from three to four weeks. C. E. LIVINGSTON, M. D., 215 Superior street, Toledo, Ohio.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

Crowds Greet Him at all the Stations Where it Stops.

TOPEKA, Sept. 26.—Gov. St. John and other State officers will accompany the President to Leavenworth to-day, and turn the party over to Gen. Pope, whose guests they will be. They will be entertained over night and Sunday afternoon will start for Springfield, Ills., via Chicago & Alton Railroad, arriving at that point on Monday morning. This morning the President is tendered a reception at the Capitol building by the Governor and State officers. The City is alive with excitement and enthusiasm, and all is being done to honor the President that can be thought of or suggested. The President and Mrs. Hayes were the guests of Judge McFarland, who are Ohio people and old acquaintances during the dark and stern days of his youth.

Gen. Sherman and staff and other members of the party were hospitably provided for at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

At the reception this morning a large number of ladies and gentlemen were presented to the President and Gen. Sherman. The utmost good feeling prevailed.

The reception of the Executive party at Topeka is one of the notable events of the trip, and afforded him great pleasure. The Committee of Arrangements had provided everything with the most thoughtful care to make the party comfortable. There was a processian and fine works last night. They were a great success and did credit to the city and managers o, the ceremonies.

DODGE CITY, Kan., Sept. 26.—Gov. St. John and staff took charge of the Presidential party at Emporia last night, and put them aboard a special train provided for that purpose by the officers of the A., T. & S. F. Ry. Co., for this place. The party arrived here at 7 o'clock. The President, Gen. Sherman and Gov. St. John were conveyed from this place to Fort Dodge in an ambulance, where they received a military salute suitable to the rank of the party. The balance of the party took breakfast at this point, at which a halt was made of about two hours. The party will return to Topeka to-day, and remain at that place over night, and proceed to Leavenworth the following day. At this place there has been no demonstration, and there is not apparently much curiosity to see the President or anybody else. The Town is situated in the midst of a bleak prairie, near the banks of the Arkansas River, which at this point seems to be nothing more than a sluggish bayou. The party is invited to stop at Larned on its return to-day, where, if the invitation is accepted, a little speaking will be indulged in. The party take breakfast here as guests of the Railroad Company, the officers of which are doing what they can to make them comfortable.

HUTCHINSON, Ks., Sept. 26.—The Presidential party left Dodge City at 9 A. M., on their return to Topeka, and were greeted along the road at various stations by crowds of people.

At Larned Station the train halted long enough to enable the party to visit the County Fair, in carriages provided for the occasion by the citizens.

At the train, Capt. Henry Booth made a few welcoming remarks. Pres. Hayes said:

Fellow-citizens of Kansas, I think of Pawnee County:—I am very glad to meet you here to-day. It pleases me to meet the people of the United States in different parts of the country, under a great variety of circumstances, such as appear before me in all sorts of places, and greetings and welcomes are quiet under all sorts of circumstances. It is a mode of exciting attachment to free government, this coming out to see those prominently connected with it. It is not particularly a personal compliment to anybody. It belongs to your loyalty, your patriotism and your attachment to the flag of the Republic and its great history. Therefore, I can talk about it as a looker on. It does not mean simply the individual man, it means respect and hope for the institutions under which we live. With this general view of it, I must add, perhaps, one other. It is one which I have occasionally mentioned since I have been in Kansas, and that is the American idea of appearing to gather out of any subject, whether business or pleasure, some good advertising. [Laughter.] I suspect that the President of the United States, especially if he differs a little with his best friend, comes to be about the best advertised man in the United States. [Cheers and laughter.] He is advertised to what he has said in his behalf and by what he has said against him, and I don't know which advertisement is the most valuable, if I had to pay for it. [Cheers and laughter.] So, my friends, we are here to have a few moments conversation together. As I said before, we are meeting large assemblages of people like this on our journeys, but I wish to assure you that I have met no assemblage in my travels more interesting to me than this. In view of all the circumstances the gentlemen who addressed me at the cars told me this was but a five-year old settlement, and that this County and Town is but five years old. As I looked around me upon the surface of things, I don't see anything that argues to be more than five years old. [Laughter and applause.] I see men here and women here, and I think it is no disrespect to a woman to say she is more than five years old. [Renewed laughter.] Here you are settled in this new country, and beginning your settlement at the right place if all new settlements in the world were built upon the same corner-stone you build the structure of your society upon the future of these settlements would be far more hopeful and prosperous than many of them are. [Cheers.] I see what is your corner stone—it is a popular education, it is free schools. The first institution that you have to exhibit to a stranger is your popular system of free school education. This is the proper method of building up communities fit for self government, fit for posterity, and fit for all people to be proud of, and I assure you that the people of the older States of this country, and these connected with the government in all capacities, are impressed by the character of the settlements made on the frontiers of the State of Kansas. [Cheers.] They are full of hope, glory and encouragement, and of the general increasing prosperity throughout the country. I think we can bring to you words of encouragement from the older States. [Cheers.] After five or six years of business depression at last it is the judgment of the best informed men that we have struck, to use a common and popular parase, hard pan, and are beginning to go up, and that we are rapidly ascending that grade called "hard times" to a more favorable condition. I will not detain you with figures, statistics or facts. It is enough to say that this is the general judgment of the best informed people of the United States. Before starting on this tour I thought to gather certain facts that I might present to audiences on this subject, but I will name but two. I wrote to a very intelligent gentleman in Pittsburg; I know that Pittsburg, the great iron manufactory of this country, had suffered more from the hard times, perhaps, than any other great City. The reply I got from him was this: He had written to 20 of the leading glass and iron manufacturers of the City, and they had replied in 20 letters full of hope and encouragement, not for the capitalist alone, not for the business man alone, but for the laborer as well, showing that profitable employment for laborers and capital or for business enterprises, had again reached that great manufacturing shop. [Cheers.] That is but a specimen of what is going on all over the East. It reaches to the West, and whether it is here or not, I don't know, but it is coming and you are to share in it. The feeling of all the people who are with us here is for it. Our sympathies go out for the men who are here to combat with the difficulties and hardships of a new country. Gen. Sherman and myself happened to be born too late to be pioneers of our good State of Ohio, but our fathers and our mothers were pioneer settlers of that great State. Our feeling is in your behalf and our prayer is that God will bless you all. [Loud cheers.]

Gen. Sherman was called for by the crowd, and on being introduced was greeted with three cheers, and he made a brief speech.

At the conclusion of Gen. Sherman's remarks, Mrs. Hayes was called for, and on being presented to the crowd by Gen. Sherman as the best part of his speech, she was greeted in an enthusiastic manner and made a Kansas mother happy by taking her baby in her arms which she handed on the platform as a specimen of juvenile western humanity.

Gov St. John was called out and made a brief and pointed speech to the people, after which the party returned to the train and moved on their journey.

LEAVENWORTH, Sept. 28.—President and Mrs. Hayes remained the guests of Gen. and Mrs. Pope at Fort Leavenworth to-day, and spent the Sabbath in a quiet, restful way, very grateful to them after the heat and harassments of the preceding week. In the morning the President and Mrs. Hayes attended the prison chapel, and after dinner took a short drive over the pleasant neighborhood. In the afternoon they received a few callers, among whom were Co,. and Mrs. D. R. Anthony, of this place.

Gen. Sherman and Cols. Tourtillotte and Bacon, of his staff, also remained at the fort, the guests of Gen. Pope. The party have, on consultation, somewhat modified their original plans, and instead of leaving here this evening will depart to-morrow morning for St. Joseph, Mo., where the party will spend several hours in order to enable the citizens of that place to show their hospitality to the President. They will then re-embark on a special train furnished for the purpose, for Springfield, Ill., where they will arrive some time on Monday night. Tuesday will be spent in Springfield, Ill., and on Tuesday night the party will embark for Indianapolis, Ind.

The delegation from Hannibal, Mo., where it is alleged the President was insulted, were appeased and sent on their way rejoicing.

The party will cross the river at Louisiana and will not visit Kansas City.

The President has all sorts of callers who are received with the greatest good nature and politeness, no matter how humble their condition in life. To-day a couple of men from Wisconsin paid a Sunday afternoon visit to His Excellency at Gen. Pope's house. They were received kindly by the President, who introduced them to Mrs. Hayes. After expressing their approbation in flattering terms of the administration, one of them asked the President to appoint him to a little post-office in his neighborhood. The President informed him that he would have to forward his papers through the ordinary channel, and the man failed to get his postoffice, notwithstanding he was recommended as a stalwart Republican by the companion whom he brought along with him as a sort of ornamented credential.

Mr. Dawes, of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railway, will take charge of the train bearing the party from here.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Sept. 29.—The President was received by a local committee from the City Council and an immense throng of people. The party were conveyed to the opera house and after an address of welcome, the President, after a few introductory remarks, said:

The position of the City of St. Joseph is somewhat noticeable in connection with the past difficulties of our country. It occupies a position further north than any other equally important Town in any of the old slave-holding States. I think, perhaps, you are as far north as Philadelphia or very nearly so, as Columbus, O., or Indianapolis perhaps. There is no City in the former slave holding States as far north as you. Again, you are on the border of that remarkable state which we have just left, a State where the anti slavery feeling was more generally pervading and more decided, perhaps I may say more aggressive, than in almost any other State in the Union, and so when that great struggle of the civil war came you were in a condition to know all about whatever evil there was connected with the old condition of things. You could not but understand when the time came. When that civil war was over and these measures, called the reconstruction measures, were adopted, and the seceding States again entered Congress with their Representatives and Senators, and when the constitutional amendments were adopted, embodying, as I believe fairly, the just results of the war you were in a condition to see fully whatever difficulties and embarrassments belonged to that condition. Now, it seems to me, and I think I am not mistaken, that in these measures there were two leading ideas, which at that period when reconstruction had gone to the extent of again admitting the seceded States, I say there were two leading ideas which were generally accepted throughout the country and generally adopted as a rule the of American party to which I did not belong [cheers] for a settlement of this whole question. I did not happen to agree entirely with that old party in reference to naturalization [cheers] but it did have as its basis one sentiment with which I am in complete and entire accord [cheers;] it is the sentiment of that party in regard to the Union; the sentiment of that party as expressed in the motto "The Union," the constitution and the enforcement of the laws. [Cheers.] That governs the whole business of the day. Let the popular sentiment sustain that old principle, and, with a favorable condition of pecuniary and business affairs, we shall enter upon an era of prosperity which will be the envy of the civilized world. [Prolonged cheers.]

After the cheering had subsided Gen. Sherman was introduced to the audience, which caused a fresh outbreak of enthusiasm.

ST. JOSEPH, Sept. 29.—Pres. Hayes and party started from Leavenworth this morning at 9 o'clock, and arrived here shortly before 12. The party was provided with an excellent breakfast on the route by the officers of the Kansas City, St. Joe & Council Bluffs Railroad Company. A grand reception took place at St. Joseph, where some 10,000 people had assembled at the train. The party left here after a stop of an hour for Hannibal, and will arrive at Springfield, Ill., tomorrow at noon.

ADVANCE ON CABUL.

The Whole City in a State of Anarchy.

SIMLA, Sept. 29.—The Viceroy has sent the following dispatch to London to-day:

Gen. Baker received a letter from the Afghan Commander in Chief yesterday, at Kushi, asking whether he would receive him and the Ameer's heir apparent in camp. The General replied in the affirmative. An hour later a message come from the Ameer Yskoub Khan, himself asking Gen. Baker to receive him. The General responded, saying that he would meet the Ameer one mile from the camp. The Ameer, his son, and his father in law, and Gen. Damud Shah (who was reported killed during the Cabul outbreak) with a suite of 45 persons and an escort of 200 men, arrived at Kushi the same day.

Cabul is in a state of anarchy. The gates of the City are closed. A number of Ghilzais are in the Ameer's suite. Gen. Roberts reached Kushi to day.

Detailed advices from Simla state that preparations for the march on Cabul are completed. The British troops are divided into three groups, the most northern of which is beclouded along the main highway from Indus to Cabul, the road which runs from Attack through Khyber Pass to Jellalabad. The most advanced brigade of this group is stationed at Lundi Kotal, about 140 miles from Cabul. The center group is stationed in the Kuram Valley, with its advanced guard on the summit of Shutargarden Pass, about 50 miles from Cabul; and the third group is assembled about Candahar, 300 miles from Cabul. The last force will not assist in the direct advance on Cabul, but will suppress insurrections among the native tribes in the surrounding country. It consists of a battalion and a half of British infantry, two and a half battalions of native infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and three batteries of artillery, under command of Gen. Palliser, in Candahar, with four and a half battalions of infantry, a regiment of cavalry and two batteries of artillery in Pishen about 120 miles Southeast of Candahar. The direct assault on Cabul will be made by the column to descend from Shutargarden Pass. When news of the massacre at Cabul reached the British outposts, the troops in Kuram Valley consisted of the squadron of English cavalry, four batteries of artillery, three battalions of British infantry, six regiments of native infantry, and three regiments of native cavalry.

The advance guard of this force was at Ali Khevl, 25 miles east of Shutargden, and 75 miles from Cabul. How many of the troops now in the rear at Cohat and Rswul Pildi will take part in the advance cannot at present be exactly determined. Trustworthy details of the troops ordered to the front are difficult to obtain. The approach to Cabul is reported to be covered by a large Afghan army, and it is said in army circles that the force issuing from Khyber Pass must be a strong one, as it will have to protect the right flank of the Shutargarden column, and also clear the road from Khyber to Cabul and establish a line of communication from the troops in the latter Town when Shutargarden is blocked by snow.

Deadwood in Ruins.

DEADWOOD, D, T., Sept. 26.—At 2 o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the bakery on Sherman street and consumed almost the entire business portion of the city. 1,000 people are rendered homeless and are in a destitute condition. The fire is still burning. The loss is roughly estimated at $1,500,000 to $2,000,000. Little or no insurance.

The office of the Modoc Independent and two livery stables in one building were saved. The fire originated in a variety store. Supposed to be incendiary.

The fire broke out in the Star bakery on Sherman street at 2:20 this morning and, following the thoroughfare, swept everything before it on Lee, Main, Gold, Wall, Patton and William streets, and seven residences on Continental avenue. Fanned by a light breeze, and nothing to confend with except a very inefficient fire department, everything was at the mercy of the flames. Less than half a score of pronounced fire proof warehouses withstood the flames. The building being mostly of wood and poorly constructed they burned like so much chaff. The fire spread with such wonderful rapidity that any attempt at saving anything would have been useless. All along its course terrific explosions of gun powder, petroleum, liquor, etc., were of frequent occurrence, and buildings were blown into atoms. The hook and ladder apparatus and hose carriage were the first things to burn leaving nothing but a few feet of worthless hose with which to battle against the devouring element. The new Water Works were tried for the first time yesterday, and this morning were put to their full capacity, with but little success in subduing the flames on account of the scarcity of water. The hillsides were almost a solid sheet of flame, and the water from the boulder ditch could not be had, otherwise considerable property would probably have been saved, as the ditch ran almost directly over the worst spot. The wildest excitement prevailed on account of the fearful force of the flames, and people thought of little but saving their own lives. Hundreds escaped with only their night clothes. Every team within a mile was called into service to help save what could be got out. There are probably about 2,000 people homeless and many destitute. About 125 buildings, besides 50 or 60 dwelling houses were destroyed, and while it is utterly impossible to get any definite figures regarding the loss, well posted business men place it at from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000. The fire is still burning, but its material is exhausted, and no danger of its spreading unless there is a favorable change in the wind.

The principal losers are P. C. Lake, hardware, $100,000; insurance, $15,000. Miller & McPherson, grocers, $50,000; no insurance. W. J. Wertheimer & Co., dry goods, $40,000; insured. Frank Welch, $35,000; no insurance. Graves & Curtis, furniture and chinaware $29,000; uninsured. Wm. McHugh, liquor dealer. $23,000; uninsured.

A Citizens' Committee of Safety, numbering seven, was also appointed at today's meeting, who will assist the Sheriff in preserving peace. Evil doers, if caught, will be speedily dealt with. A proposition to organize a vigilance committee 100 strong was voted down emphatically. The postoffice which was destroyed by fire created a loss of $3,000 in postage stamps and stamped envelopes, but no mail was destroyed, and the coaches are running regularly with the daily mails. Numerous kind offers of assistance have been made by eastern merchants, but will hardly be accepted, as the merchants bear their losses with the best possible grace and are not inclined to place themselves under any obligations, at the same time appreciating the willing offers made by all branches of trade. The surviving merchants have not taken advantage of the necessity of the hour by advancing the price of staple groceries, as was generally expected.

Several firms, whose fire proofs were saved, have posted notices that they will open up for business on Saturday. Lumber is being hauled rapidly and building will be commenced as soon as the debris can be cleared away. Most of the merchants who have lost their wooden stores will erect brick ones in their stead. Labor is in great demand and everything presents a lively appearance.

A meeting was held by the prominent citizens this afternoon, prompted by numerous thieving operations since the fire broke out and many cases of lot jumping. Hon. John Woods presided. It was decided to call upon Gen. Sturgis, commanding at Fort Meade, for a company of troops to act as guards over the property of the unfortunate sufferers by the fire, which request was promptly complied with, and a company of cavalry was at once sent here together with 10 wagons and two ambulances to transport destitute citizens to Fort Meade where they will be furnished with camps and rations kindly offered by Gen. Sturgis. All saloons are closed by order of the Sheriff and the City presents an unusually quiet appearance.

Hanging Back for Once.

N. Y. World.

The British Cabul Mission is still vacant, but in the passenger lists of the outgoing steamers we observe no indications of an exodus of Ohio statesmen anxious to put in their applications and credentials.

They Would Give Him a Grand Funeral.

Cleveland Leader.

Now, if Mr. Tilden will only sail for Europe and agree never to come back, he will receive an immense send off. But it will be from among the anti-Tilden Democrats, as the Republicans are anxious to see the old fraud remain and a sin run for President.

Bogus Certificates.

It is no vile orrugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, etc., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," in another column.

"They Are All Sold!"

"I am too late for this month's drawing" is the tenor of a complaint which is becoming very general among those who loiter and wait until the day immediately preceding the monthly drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, which occurs invariably at New Orleans on the second Tuesday of every month. The fact is that the integrity with which every action of this institution is characterized has so strengthened its reputation that its tickets are sold every month some days before the drawing, and therefore any one desirous of investing in this manner should suffer no time to elapse before they correspond with M. A. Dauphin, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La., or 319 Broadway, New York, relative to the 113th Grand Monthly Drawing which occurs on October 14th.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

TEN DOLLARS to $100 invested in Wall Street Stocks makes fortunes every month. Send for pamphlet explaining everything. SIMPSON & Co., 49 Exchange Place, New York.

Not Exactly His Line.

Virginia City Chronicle.

Last evening after the performance was over at the circus a young man called on Chiarini and said he wanted to see him on private business. The old veteran took him into his office and received him with his usual politeness.

"I came all the way from Carson to see the show, and I'd like to join," said the young man.

"Oh, I see," said the circus man; "you are a well formed, healthy looking young fellow, and I'd like to encourage such as you." The youth's face brightened.

"You don't chew, smoke, or drink, I hope?"

"Oh, no; honor bright—except soda and beer."

"You must leave off these bad habits. They weaken the muscles and paralyze the nerves. You can soon stop drinking, but your salary will not be larger until you have overcome these little tendencies. A little lemonade—circus lemonade—is all the performers drink. Call at 11 o'clock to morrow morning and I will see what I can do. You mustn't expect over $50 a week, though, at first. We never pay high salaries until we know just what a man can do."

The delighted Carsonite went away, and this morning was on hand.

Chiarini took him to a tent where three immense Bengal tigers were caged. Handing him a curry comb and a pair of shears, he remarked:

"Your duties will be comparatively light at first. You will go in the cage and curry the animals down every morning, and about once a week cut their claws; keep 'em down pretty short, so that when they attack the tiger-tamer, Mr. Wilson, they won't lacerate him much. Sometimes, but not more than once a month

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

From Fairplay.

Olive, what you say concerning the ignorance of married women may be true of those living in remote country places who have from their earliest childhood, been deprived of the commonest advantages for obtaining an education, such a condition of things would naturally have a tendency to narrow the mind, and women brought up under such circumstances would be quite apt to be engrossed with their house keeping. But I am sure it will *never* apply to their more fortunate sisters who dwell in our towns and villages, to me it seems that married women as a class must necessarily be the most intelligent of women as their ranks are constantly being reinforced by educated young ladies who have served in the capacity of teachers or otherwise. In looking over the long list of ladies both of the past and present, who have won fame as authors, actresses, etc., you will find that a large majority were and are married women. Oh, yes, Olive, there are some men with brains enough to admire strong helpful women who are *capable* of standing alone and they *frequently* condescend to let their wives support them. I regard much of the matrimonial advice given to young girls through the Household, extremely pernicious, at least it is not the sort of advice I should wish a daughter or sister of mine to act upon. Girls take warning by Prarie Queen, and forego matrimony until your education is at least finished. for you will find it difficult, if not impossible, to bring it to a satisfactory completion after marriage. In my opinion girls from 15 to 18 love far too easily. To them it seems very romantic and nice to marry for love and work for a home, but my word for it, it is like a great many other things in this world. "Distance lends enchantment to the view." Come to the reality. The chances are when poverty comes in at the door love will fly out at the window. Many young people form matrimonial alliances without giving the matter the consideration its importance demand. A boy and girl (not a man and woman,) meet, fancy each other, call it love, and are married. After marriage lover like attentions, if they do not altogether cease, become beautifully less, and the wife (notwithstanding the clinging quality generally attributed to women) is the first to become dissatisfied, and finds, when too late, that she has made a *great* mistake, and as both are young, here is another chance for the truth of the saying, "marry in haste and repent at leisure," to be verified. Many girls are really ashamed if they attain the age of 25 unmarried. So far as my own observation extends, girls from 20 to 30 make the best matches. Girlish freaks are then laid aside, and their minds and judgment being comparatively mature, instead of being won by any good looking scapegrace who presents himself, they are prepared to choose wisely. Their love for the man whom they honor with their hand is based upon respect, hence it is enduring. These are they who prove *true* marriages, whose bands grow stronger with each succeeding year. Remember girls the love of a man of 40 is a hundred times more precious because more steadfast than one of 20. Learn that it is just as easy to love and far easier to continue love with a man who can give you a home nearly or quite equal to the one you will leave. Should it be a trifle better you must not feel badly about it. Choose husbands whom you can look up to in every respect. After marriage perform every duty, make your home pleasant and yourself as attractive as possible and may you be very happy. Having taken my husband from the class dubbed old bachelors and I have learned by experience that they make the kindest and truest of husbands.

I am extremely loth to send anything but good wishes to one of the fraternity, yet I hope should J. Hawker ever take to himself a wife, she will for at least two years follow his directions for housecleaning, and although I do not generally delight in human misery, yet I confess I should like to be there to see how he likes his own prescription. When you are sufficiently punished, friend Hawker, I would recommend Ruth Lee upon the same subject.

"Woodmoss," my sympathies are entirely with you. I firmly believe that "to the pure all things are pure." Let a pure minded man or woman look upon an artistic work, no matter what the subject and they will regard it merely as a work of art and nothing but its artistic beauties or blemishes will be seen, and notwithstanding Cicero to the contrary, I think it is the immodest man or woman who cannot unblushingly look upon a beautiful piece of statuary even if the figures are nude.

I notice recipes have quite gone out of fashion in the Household and mourn accordingly. I consider what we eat and drink first in importance, for upon this depends the health and well-being of our physical structure, and through that our mental health and strength. I think the woman who teaches an ignorant sister how to make a loaf of bread or cook a steak or prepare any other simple dish so that it will be digestable and nutritious, not only confers a favor upon the woman but an actual blessing upon her family and posterity. As I spent this forenoon canning pears, perhaps it will not come amiss to practice what I preach and give my formula to the household. For canning, I use porcelain lined kettle, glass two-quart cans (for common fruits) of the Mason patent, and Coffee A sugar. As soon as the fire is lighted preparatory to beginning operations I bring my cans from the pantry and place them upon the kitchen table, where they will warm ready for use. Place the covers upon the stove hearth, as they should be hot when used, or your cans are liable to break. As I cannot be happy unless my pears are very white and the syrup clear, I pare and cut them in half, take out the core, then drop them into a crock of cold water. When you have enough prepared to fill one can, make a syrup of one cup of sugar and a pint of water; put in the pears, cored; cook until a straw will penetrate them; then wring a towel from cold water, fold over one corner; set your can upon it; wrap the towel about the can, fasten with a pin; set in a pan, and fill from the kettle while it is boiling; be sure that your fruit is covered with the hot syrup; put on the rubber and screw down the hot cover as soon as possible; when cold, tighten with the wrench; wrap brown paper about the cans and set in a cool, dark place. I have practiced this method of canning for several years, and although I usually put up a hundred quarts, during the season, yet I have never broken a can nor lost a particle of fruit. I pare all kinds of fruit and vegetables from cold water, so it preserves the hands from stains. To pare peaches quickly, dip from boiling water to cold. This leaves the fruit very smooth, and looks much nicer when canned. I note a growing disposition in the Household to think that a housekeeper must necessarily neglect her domestic duties or ever remain in ignorance. Wonders can be accomplished by even one pair of hands, if guided by good judgment into habits of untiring industry. I am surprised that any lady will use anything so disagreeable upon her hair, when the yolk of egg well rubbed into the hair, and rinsed out with warm soft water will not only remove dandruff but strengthen the hair and render it beautifully soft and bright. Daily brushing will stop its falling off and promote its growth. Yolk of egg is greatly superior to soap for cleansing switches as it renders them equally clear and instead of fading the hair makes it glossy.

Will some member of the Household at the earliest time possible give me a sure remedy for scale bugs. I have a beautiful fern which is infested by the little pests and dont know what to do. have practiced killing what I could by crushing between the thumb and finger, but as that is neither a pleasant or profitable employment, I wish to learn something better, besides judging by the rapidity with which they multiply every one crushed is speedily resurrected with a large family to begin with. Many thanks to Shirley Dare and Cameo, for a satisfactory solution of the washing problem. Ladies who wish to wear white cuffs in the morning can protect them from soil by wearing a calico oversleeve with a rubber spring at the top and bottom, this also holds the sleeves up without mashing them. I wear white drill mittens of home manufacture to protect my hands when sweeping, etc. In making drawn rugs, draw a strong linen thread through each loop on the wrong side and you will not be troubled with the rags pulling out. Rugs are much handsomer when sheared quite closely, if the rags are strewn in as thickly as possible. I have one with a palm leaf beside, which presents quite an oriental appearance. FAIRPLAY.

Romeo, Mich.

How I do My Washing.

To me the Household looks like a vast field for usefulness. When I read over the figures of the BLADE circulation, I think in that great army of readers some one must be benefited by every practical hint given in its columns. This should be an inducement to give it our best ideas, and nothing but our best. The Editor has a hard place to fill. Thoughtless articles are sent in. All cannot be used. The best must be used. And what are these best? Some are "pearls of great price," and some, I feel like saying, are dashed off without a particle of forethought. Why so "much ado about nothing?" Let those who like pea soup, eat pea soup, and those who prefer sack towels, use them, etc., etc. No wonder the Editor holds up her hands and cries enough. I believe you are all capable of writing better things.

Now, if I have given you enough plain talk, I will tell you how I do my washing? I believe in machinery. I find it as good in the house, as my husband does his harvesters and plows in the field, and I use it clear down from washing and sewing machines to apple peelers and egg beaters. I am well aware that few washing machines are worth storage room, but I have worn out a Jones and have used Doty's, which I call the best, about eight years. I try to have a boiler two-thirds full of boiling water as soon as breakfast is over. I leave my table standing while I sort my clothes, take a wash basin with warm water, rub soap on the stains and rub them out with my hands; put all the finest clothes into the machine after soaping well; turn on boiling water and drum them up, say 10 minutes. The drumming squeezes the clothes and turns them over and over; then I leave them and take care of my breakfast table stopping now and then to draw up the clothes. By the time the dishes are washed they are ready to be run through the wringer. I drain off the water and put in the second best, turning on fresh water from the boiler, and repeat the first suds for the towels &c., now draw these up 10 minutes or so and then leave them to steam while I make the beds and do the sweeping stopping as before to drum them up now and then. There is a good hardwood wash board in the machine and after examing the clothes, if there are are some streaks left a little rubbing on that will be sufficient, thoroughly boil them with plenty of clear soap, and run them through the washing machine with clear water, and I put out a nice washing with very little work. I am not as tired when night comes as when doing some other work. I never put my hands into the suds but a few minutes at a time, and by keeping the cover down, and the boiler cover on, the room does not get filled with steam, nor do I get heated up, so as to take cold when hanging them out. On rainy days I get a lift from the boys as they do not have to roll up their sleeves which they hate to do so badly. I have kept house and done all my own work, never hiring any sewing done over 20 years, and lived on a large farm most of the time and I could not have done it if it had not been for machinery, for I am not very strong, and my wrists are very small and weak. I have used all kind of washing fluids, crystals, and soaps but they spot the clothes.

I think I have saved the price of my machine in the wear of the clothes, they will last twice so long as when washed the old fashioned way. PLAIN TALK.

Grinnell, Iowa.

A Talk With the Girls.

No, no, Malula, I am not going to tell you about kissing "Zeke" because I think Lou Dean, Ned and the other boys, have said enough concerning that. But I want to talk about your girlish vow—as you say—not to go with gentlemen who blaspheme, drink intoxicating liquors or use tobacco. Yes Malula that is all right, but which you say you will not "go with" I do not just precisely understand the phrase. Do you mean that you will not have anything to do with, will shun them all together? Now dear sisters do not do that. Do not shun them; be with them as much as you can. Treat them as brothers; go to them with pure sisterly love in your heart; tell them of their sad mistake; make them feel that one person at least is interested in them. Just think of it girls, how many young men there are who are by misfortune thrown out into the cold, heartless, unkind, unfeeling, uncaring world, without mother, sister or kind friend to see them or care for them. Many of just this class there are, —hundreds of them girls, who have true, manly hearts. But consider the drift of society that young boys who are thrown out into the world upon their own resources are plunged into. And with no one to care for them, no one to speak a kind encouraging word to them, they drift on and on until their hopes for this world, and I fear too often their hopes for the next, are wrecked. And all because of the lack of kind words from those who could give them so easily if they only would. How much would a kind word, an encouraging act, a little admonition given in the right spirit, cost? Count the cost. Girls, will it pay? Oh! ye who give so cleverly and largely to missionary societies and feel proud to think that you have done so much for Christ's cause, let not yourself stop there but look about your own home and see if your helping hand is not needed there?

Yes, I, like "Lady Slipper," think that a revolution is needed in society, but this revolution will never be brought about by holding in contempt those young men who are but human, and do make sad mistakes. Yes, very sad they are indeed. But who can have so much influence over the sterner sex as a true, loving woman.

But who thinks that the only reformation needed is among the gentlemen? Is there not a reformation needed among the girls as well? Do not imagine for one moment that the girls have not as vast a room for improvement as the boys. There are as great faults found in a young lady's life as could be found in a girls. Dear girls first cast the mote out of thine own, and then tell about that great black cloud in which so many of our young men are shrouded. Yes, Woodmoss, let the piano legs stay covered. Give us true, genuine modesty. I am not tired of this subject. Let every lady and gentleman give his and her opinion on this subject. Let us also hear about those slang phrases so much made use of in our country.

COUNTRY GIRL.

Hillsdale, Ind.

No Mincing Matters Here.

I was a little amused at "Subscriber's" letter in the Household. When a man gets to the age of 68, though he never used tobacco, he must expect that his intellect will be somewhat impaired, and that his memory will not be as vivid, and that his ideas will not be as coherent as in days of yore. Now all this fuss about the use of tobacco is (I consider) the merest twaddle. I have used tobacco since I was 12 years old—I am now 37—and must say that if I had never touched it and knew as much about it as I do now, I should commence to morrow. Let us take a common sense view of the matter. Look about you. Observe those who use tobacco, and those who do not; if you find any difference, you will find the tobacco users the healthiest; take a record of those who have lived to see their 100 years, and find two-thirds of them tobacco users. I do not assert that its use lengthens our existence; but I do say that I find invariably that those who are over fastidious and always dieting, and trying to run in prescribed grooves, are the most unhealthy. Even "Subscriber" admits that it keeps off dyspepsia-corpulence, and hints that it preserves the sight; he is now 68 and on a fair road to reach a good old age. I do hope that he may live until tobacco kills him, then Methusela will have to give up the belt that he has so long worn. The wives who find fault through the household with their husbands for using tobacco, would, I think, feel *lost* (if he quit it), for something to find fault about, as a great many women consider that it is a part of their business to be always fault-finding, and continually annoying their husbands by continually growling about something.

I have seen a number of young ladies that would go in hysterics, if a gentlemen offered to smoke in their presence, but go to her home you will find her father and two or three big brothers with their pipes filling the room with smoke, where she is working, and she does not notice it. I am a married man, and my wife takes pleasure in seeing me enjoying myself. I tell all croakers that when I get through supper in the evening, and get seated with my feet resting on top of the looking-glass with my pipe well going, and a copy of the BLADE in my hand there is *comfort;* that my wife guards with a jealous eye, and she would not allow it to be marred by fault-finding; with such a woman I am rich, no matter how fickle fortune may favor.

LUSK.

Rather Likes It.

We beg you to let a new man at the bellows for just once, to "blow" a blast in behalf of those persons possessing strong, ungovernable, osculatory propensities, the gratification of which propensities will be a thing utterly unattainable, unless it be had from recourse to statues, and such cold, unresponsive creatures, if this *ex parte* discussion now going on in the BLADE does not soon drift in another direction.

We possess, we believe, a fair share of modesty; but we want to confess right here, under the stare of 87,880 pair of eyes, (but that will be as the editor shall decree) and we do it without the shadow of a blush, that we do love to kiss a pretty girl, and notwithstanding our diffidence and timidness, especially in the presence of ladies, we enjoyed that luxury once in our life, and what is more we never felt that the lady's condescension to grant it detracted one iota from the respect we had previously entertained for her.

Now this declaration may result in our being denounced as an unmitigated "Verdant Green," but we sincerely believe that we express the sentiments of every "honest, manly gentleman." Not stale, petrified "bhoys" and "old bachelors." We don't wish by this to encourage the wholesale and retail dissemination of kisses on your part, girls. We believe with another of the "B Hoys," that "a quiet, decisive 'No, sir!' will place a lady much higher in a gentleman's estimation than a thousand kisses will," for there is a possibility of getting even a surfeit of sweetness, but the "No, sir!" to one who is sincere when he asks, will not cause him "to look up to you" with any very greatly intensified feelings of tenderness, and you need never to fear that the kiss in such cases will fill a sensible man with such loathsome feelings towards you.

There seems to be an innate disposition to press pretty innocent creatures to the lips.

It is the nearest they can be placed to the heart.

What is the first impulse of the heart of every one when he first sees a pretty, prattling, innocent, little child with dimpled cheeks and rosy lips? Why, he wants to seize it at once and rain a whole shower of kisses on its sweet face, never stopping to think that he might lose his respect for it if he should do so.

We never dreamed that there lived so modest and fastidious a man as Old Bach, whose sense of propriety is so nice, whose sensitive organization is so shocked, whose being is so entirely revolutionized that he could not possibly marry a pure, sweet girl if she, in an evil moment should deign to allow him kiss her once. Broad, generous, warm hearted soul! He must be some miserly Old Bach who never kissed a sweet thing than the goddess of liberty on his hoarded coins. We say in conclusion, kiss girls, but don't waste your sweetness on the desert air, that is, on such characters as "Old Bach" and the "B Hoys."

OLLIE IKE.

Can We Forget?

Men may talk of forgetting the past, who laid no idols upon its altar, who gave no tears, no sleepless nights, no proud, manly boys for a sacrifice. But don't prate to us whose hearth-stones have been desolated, whose loved ones went from us in manly beauty, but came back wasted, starved skeletons, or fell in battle or by the wayside. Give us back our dead, and we, too, will forget the past. Come, fill our desolated homes with the same loving, brave boys, and we will forget and forgive. Bring back the frail lives that went out in sorrow for their dead. Restore the maiden's lover, the widow's husband, the mother's darling, and our noble brothers, and we will meet you with a glad kiss of welcome. Restore the minds you shattered in Southern prisons, and blot Andersonville from memory. Shut out the wail of anguish that went up all over our land. Blot out the needless pain, the cruel taunts, the bitter curses you heaped upon our cherished loved ones, and we, too, will bury the past. Drown the screams of those murdered blacks, give them good homes and clothing, hang your murderers, drive your rebels from our Congress, shut the mouths of those brazen faced prodigals, make them own up that they are eating Zack Chandler's calf. Do this, then we, too, will have no past. AUNT POLLY.

A Slave of the Weed.

I inherited the taste for tobacco and cannot remember the time when I did not love it. As I grew to manhood I saw its wiles, and often tried to reform, but lacked the will power to fight it out and *conquer*. And so the evil *conquered me*, I knew my manhood was at stake and that I must conquer or be its slave for ever. I could not stand proudly erect and look my fellow man in the face and say I am a man, because I knew I was a slave. My wife often tried to help me break the galling chain, but without avail. At last consumption laid her low and the death angel reached out his hand and severed the life thread at middle age. She died in my arms, and as the last flickering breath went out I swore an oath that I never would use tobacco again, and called upon her pure spirit to register the vow in Heaven. That vow I have kept for five years, and no power on earth can tempt me to break it. I consider the evils of tobacco as standing side by side with those of alcohol, and I know where of I speak. How a Christian man can use tobacco without violating his conscience is more than I can understand.

Ashtabula, O. LENOX.

Less Fancy Work.

O, that endless fancy work, over which so many are ruining eyesight and nerves! Cannot something be invented to take the place of it? True, we must ornament our homes, but could we not do so in an easier way, with pressed ferns and autumn leaves, etc.? And now there is a way of preserving natural flowers. If we should spend more time out doors, cultivating flowers, or just taking a short walk each day, I am sure it would be much better for our health than so much fine work. Will not some one else say something on this subject?

GRAPEVINE.

Madison, O.

Notes and Queries.

What will cure a sore leg of several years standing.—R. P., Pleasant Hill, Ia.

Will some one tell me how to color woolen goods a dark brown?—MRS. B. F. H.

Will some one tell me a remedy for driving away fleas.—DAISY, St. Charles, Iowa.

Will some one tell me how to clean my little boy's white kid shoes.—ELLA, Westfield, Pa

Will some one please give me a plan for destroying dock weed?—WILD ROSE, Rockport, Ind.

Can some one tell my wife how to dry string beans for winter use.—G. E. ROGERS, Pellsville Ill.,

Will some one please give explicit directions for making alum baskets?—ISADORE, Windom, Minn.

Will some one please give a cure for cholera in chickens, one that they know to be good.—J. D. B.

Please tell me how I can get a colored woman without going after her.—COUSIN BERTHA, Shabonier, Ill.

I would like some one to tell me how to make a pretty music basket or box.—SCHOOL GIRL, Fultonham, O.

Should a gentleman calling in the evening have to be told when it was time for him to leave?—MINNIE, Mason City, Ill.

If "Six Footer" will send his name and address to me, he may be able to obtain what he wants.—C. H. JAMES, Hendrysburg, Belmont Co., O.

If the lady that is troubled with ants will put a few blades of spear mint in the places where they trouble her she will have no more bother.—ROXIE, Cherokee, Iowa.

Will some one send me the recipe for coloring red on cotton? It appeared about two years ago in the Household columns.—MRS. D. R. WALKER, Reeses Mills, Ind.

CURE FOR ASTHA—It will cure 99 times out of a 100, and is as follows: Spirits Turpertine two oz. Spirits Ether one oz. Dose eight drops three times a day.—W. M.

Will some one give me information in regard to raising Alabama moss? I had some sent me, and do not know how it grows; does it grow on trees or in the ground?—KATIE.

Will "Wandering Jew," please inform us in what State she saw the plant called mole tree, as it is entirely new to us? We, too, would like to know where it may be found.—I. M. P., Wooster, Ia.

Can some one send me a sure cure for goitre, or swelled neck? If so, they will confer a favor by addressing me, or through the Household.—MARY, Box 429, Jackson, Jackson Co., Mich.

Will some one give me a rule for finishing the heel and toe of a stocking? Also a recipe for making green cucumber catsup or chopped pickle while they are in their season?—S. J. M. PUTNAM, Dewey, Ill.

Will some one please answer this question? Is it boys' or girls' work to milk a cow? The girls here all say it is boys' work, and the boys all say it is girls' work.—FANNIE A. HUNT, Orodellan, Colo.

Please let us hear more about this bridal outfit, and some of you who know tell us what are the best, prettiest, and most durable colors for dress. I know there are lots of girls want to know.—SAVILLA.

The best remedy for canker in the mouth is the inner bark of sumac steeped in water and the liquid sweetened with honey or loaf sugar. Gold thread is excellent also prepared in the same manner.—Mrs. J. T. Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. S. Douglass, of Potter Co., Pa., recently pieced and quilted one quilt of 1,679 pieces, and another of 3,350 pieces. She is 77 years old. We have heard of quilts with a great many pieces in, but this beats anything we have heard of yet.—E. D.

Say to J. C. Norton, Avoca, Ia., that the recipe to stop hair from falling out is not in *any* of the July numbers of the BLADE, 1875. Guess again, as I have all the BLADES filed from 1871, and would like to find that recipe.—Mrs. MARTHA RAFF, Chambersburg, Pa.

I have fine specimens of petrified wood from the Rocky Mountains that I will send free to any that will send me stamp to pay postage on them. They can be polished and look very nice. They weight from six to 10 ounces or more.—MRS. SCUDDER, Evans, Colorado.

Will some one please tell me how to bleach ferns? I have tried chloride of lime, but it bleaches slowly, and by the time they are white, they are so tender I can do nothing with them. Must they be green or dried? Please answer soon, as the season is passing rapidly.—PERSEVERANCE ANN.

Gracie Myres, to make brine for cucumber pickles so they will be always ready for the table; to four gallons of soft or rain water put one gallon of good whisky into any sized vessel you please; they will be all right. I have tried and know it to be so.—M. G. C. HARGROVE, Oakland City, Ind.

I will exchange seeds of the convolvulus, grandiflora and double petalaca, for seeds, roots, bulbs, or cuttings. (*I have plants wanted.*) Information wanted from the West on subjects of interest to emigrants, will send seeds in exchange if wanted.—MISS ANNIE MORGAN, Bladetown, Gibson County, Ind.

Some one wanted a sure plan for driving away red ants. I think if she will use a spoonful of turpentine in a pint of water and wash out her cupboard, she will not be troubled, or if it does not prove effectual, saturate the places by which they enter with pure turpentine. I have found it entirely successful.—MAY C.

Could any one tell me just how to frost a cake? I have a recipe which says, "take the whites of two eggs and 10 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar." I have used it, and it is just splendid when first put on, but after a while turns black and greasy. Now, what is the cause? Is it the way I put it on, or the cake? I have always put my frosting on hot; is this the right way? Will some one enlighten?—IN THE DARK.

Will some one tell me how to make graham gems? Also, how to take off superfluous hair on the face, so it will not grow again nor leave a scar? What will cure neuralgia in the head? I suffer so much by it and cannot get any help. Mrs. Scott said in the BLADE of May 15th, if any one would write to her, she would tell them what to get that would cure them, but her address was not given. Please sign it in the paper.—CECILIA, Wo dhill, N. Y.

For rough or chapped hands, simply washing in good vinegar and drying will cure them.

Lemon peel will cure corns by being bound the flesh side on them.

"Young Mother" will find that one top of her head with cold water often, she will be relieved of her trouble. She should see a good doctor about the trouble in her chest.

Can give a cure for dyspepsia; also a splendid husk mat, easy made, and very durable. Will give these next time.—BLACKBERRY, Augusta, Wis.

Please correct the mistake made in the exchange list of the BLADE, of June 26, to which Miss L. Lane's address was attached. That lady's sister writes me that Miss Lane herself is very sick, and is being loaded down with my mail matter. She sent me a package of letters and orders to-day which cost me 50 cents. This additional expense is more than I feel able to bear.. Miss L. Lane will forward all letters or packages to me, and I will answer as fast as possible. I hope that the friends who have written Miss Lane will be kind enough to help me bear the expense of getting the mail from her, by sending a few stamps with their packages to me.—MATTIE, box 893, Davenport, Ia.

LA CREME DES CHRONIQUES.

What the Alleged Wits of Paris Find to Say in Their Newspapers.

New York Sunday World.

Coachman to Minister of Finance, whom he has driven to the Treasury Department on the first day of that functionary's incumbency—When does Your Excellency desire to leave the Treasury.

Minister of Finance, abstractedly—Never!

***

Judge to mendicant from another mendicant has had arrested for assault and battery—What made you beat this paralytic man, your companion in misery, eh?

Mendicant—I'll tell you, Your Honor. For a whole month I drew him round in our little cart, we being partners, and then, when, according to our articles of partnership, it was his turn to draw me round for a month and mine to be the paralytic, he refused to fulfil his contract.

***

"Truly," said M. Skimpole, "when creditors come to dun you they so completely feel the dishonoring character of their mission that they have to invent the most shameless and extravagant excuses for troubling you, such as their threatened insolvency, sickness and increased expense in the family and so on. Why actually one fellow came and dunned me for some money because he was being pressed for payment of the court fees and a retainer by the lawyer he had employed to sue me."

***

"Doctor, I am very much troubled with these pains, but I find considerable relief from a bandage over the region of the liver."

"Then by all means wear a belt. A simple strip of flannel will answer every purpose, only be careful to draw it a little tighter on the side where your liver is than on the other."

***

A politician who had been on terms of intimacy with actors and artists is suddenly elevated to an important official position. One of his friends, a distinguished actor, goes to call on him, and entering the office, says genially, "Hullo, old fel., how—?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," says the official in a glacial manner: "I am occupied for a moment. Be so good as to take a seat."

The actor sits down in surprise and a chair, and presently his friend says, "Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Why, don't you know me? I'm—"

"I don't precisely follow you," says the official. "You have come to—?"

"I came, sir," says the actor, in a terrible voice, jamming his hat down on his head—"I came, sir, to give you some hints as to deportment now that you are a public official, but by the Nine Gods you don't need any! Good morning sir!"

***

A youthful philosopher is taken to the Hippodrome to see a pantomime in the last act of which five bears are very severely handled by the alleged Cossack hunters.

"Those are not bears," he says coldly; "if they were real live bears they would not bang 'em about so and run the risk of spoiling 'em—they're only men."

***

The eloquent counsel Maitre X. recently appeared at the assizes to defend a prisoner, and delivered an oration as long as the Mont Cenis tunnel and as dry as dust.

When he had concluded the jury were aroused from their slumbers and charged, and presently brought in a verdict of guilty.

With a pleasant smile the presiding Judge then sentenced the prisoner to 15 years' imprisonment at hard labor, the time spent in listening to his counsel's argument to be counted as part of the punishment!

EXPLAINING A JOKE.

The Newspaper Man Who Would Not Understand.

London Advertiser.

He came into the office modestly and shyly, as was befitting, and asked to see the man who put jokes in the *Advertiser*. The joker was engaged in reading some very exciting tables of trade and navigation returns, in order to inform "An Old Subscriber" how many gallons of bees wax had been exported from the Province of Prince Edward Island in the year 1871, and was consequently in a very hilarious mood. The visitor took off his hat, mopped his manly brow with a dirty handkerchief and placed before the news paper man a scrap of paper on which was written:

"When Sir Joseph Porter dies the company will be treated to half-and-half—Porter and bier."

The newspaper man read it, looked up and exclaimed, "What is it about?"

"It is just a little joke, you see."

"Ah! I didn't notice. I will read it again."

He reperused, and then asked, "Where is the joke?"

"Why, the play on words—a pun, you know—Porter and bier."

"Oh, ah, yes, Porter and bier. Well, did you ask Mr. Porter about this? Will he be pleased to see his name in the paper in that connection?"

"Why, there is no such person. Sir Joseph Porter is a character in Pinafore."

"Well," mused the newspaper man, "if there is no such person I don't see how he can die. A person who don't exist can't die very successfully. Any attempt to kill a man who don't live must necessarily prove a failure."

"But you don't understand," explained the amateur joker. "You see the whole point is in the play on the two words—porter and bier. Porter and beer mixed is called half and half. Now you catch the idea, don't you?"

"Well, I understand it so far. But where's the joke?"

"Why, I explained——"

"Yes, I know that you explained. You said porter and been mixed is called half and half. But that kind of porter is not a man—it is a liquor, and anyhow, you don't spell beer right."

"But that's the point. You notice there the words have different meanings and the same sound. It is to bring out a different idea that the word itself conveys that I have tried, and I flatter myself——"

"No, no," interrupted the newspaper man, "not flatter. Your grammar is at fault, The joke is flat, not flatter."

At this point some of the people in the sanctum interfered, and the enemy beat a graceful retreat without any casualties

About the Flies.

Now that the fly season is about ended, the Boston *Transcript* finds room for these reflections:

You can sometimes catch a base ball on a fly.

The Latin name for a certain kind of fly is Tempus fugit.

The fly is an author. See "Flies on Horses."

You can always at this season of the year find flies on toast at the restaurants.

Flies are always on hand early in the morning.

You have all seen a kite fly.

Longfellow speaks of a fly as a bird when he says, "Fly, proud bird of freedom."

Some people employ the blind to keep flies from the room.

You can draw a fly with a drop of molasses better than with a crayon.

The spider is the only creature which invites the fly to his parlor.

Flies are like rivers. They are often damned.

Stage flies are painted.

A fly is conservative in his reading; he always sticks to his own paper.

There are musical flies. People often spend of that base fly.

Our Young Folks.

NOBODY'S CALL.

BY MARY ESTHER MILLER.

He comes again, that sneaking scamp;
That vile, disreputable tramp;
That yellow cat, with one eye out
And minus half his tail—the lout;
His scanty hair torn out in fight—
A wretch forlorn, a sorry sight.

I mind me well not long ago
He paced these fields a full-fledged beau,
His whiskered head, his plaiuty paw,
His glossy coat without a flaw,
His well-curled tail, his high-bred stare,
Proclaimed him favored of the fair.

Ah! then his food was creamy milk,
His bed a louege of down and silk;
Adarling mistress sought his weal,
No grief her petted puss might feel.
By night, by day, he went his ways,
Well surfeited with love and praise.

But now, you beast, you wretched wight,
Begone from decent people's sight.
Go steal from swine your moldy bit.
Make hers e my premises to quit,
Or else be pelted well with stones—
There now, jog on, old crazy bones.

But what is that dims my eyes?
What sturrings of my souls arise?
There's something human in your look,
A something that I cannot brook.
That boy of mine in foreign lands,
Afar from reach of loving hands,

Tolled on by Fortune's fickle beams,
Only to see their fading gleams
(For some get wealth and some get pain,
And some get want and others gain).
In life's hard race, oh! what if he
A friendless, homeless wand'rer be!

Come back, Grimalkin, wretched thief,
For all your pain's now here's relief;
A kindly hand to stroke you fur,
A bed where you may dream and purr,
No more on Winter nights to roam,
For here are friends and here a home.

—*Independent.*

Children at Newport.

There is play room enough for children at Newport. Sometimes a certain part of a lawn is given up to them exclusively; perhaps it is under some great tree, or perhaps a pretty tent is put up for shade. And I know of several "baby houses," built of wood, with glass windows, and doors and lock, and even have door-bells and real chimneys—little cottages big enough for four or five children to get into at once.

The big people often give grand parties and balls in the great houses, but sometimes the whole mansion and all the grounds are given up for a child's party, which is quite as fine an affair as its mamma's. Then they have a band of music and a dance on the grass. Sometimes these are fancy dress parties, and each boy and girl goes dressed as some character. I know one little girl who went as Mary, who had a little lamb with her, all dressed out in bright ribbons. But this little lamb was not used to attending parties and *wouldn't* go where Mary went, and so gave her a great deal of trouble. And a little boy I knew went once as Napoleon, and he was dressed exactly like that great man. But he tripped over his sword and fell down, and had the nose bleed.

Into this surt the bathers go every morning, and the carriages roll up and down over the hard, wet, white sand, and it is lively there for a few hours. You undress in boxes on wheels (put on wheels so that they can be run back out of danger when a storm comes,) and you put on funny flannel dresses, and let the waves run right over your heads. As a general thing, children do not like surf-bathing; the waves are so big and come with such a rush that it frightens them. But they are fond of lying down in them after they break, when they have grown very shallow, and enjoy, too, paddling about in the water.

"The *bestest* parties," a little girl tells me, "are all alone by ourselves, with no boys, and no grown folks except nurse to spread the bread and butter." Such parties as the last the children at Newport have every day.

But there is a great deal to do and see outside of these Summer houses. There is a beautiful beach, where the blue sea stretches out and out and out, till, if you could see the land it touches on the other side, it would be Africa's shore. Often you may count 50 sails way, way off. Here the waves come tumbling in, breaking into long white lines, and running far up on the sandy beach. As fast as one gets up and goes a little way back another meets it, and so these waves go on every hour and every day, and all through the year; and yet, I never saw any child who got tired watching these green breakers with their white crests.

Small pails and wooden shovels are sold for the amusement of little people who dig in the sand, and make all kinds of queer holes, and even hills and miniature mountains, and sometimes rivers and lakes. I have seen whole cities built of sand, the church steeples and the chimneys made of shells. The pails usually go home full of bits of pretty sea mosses and round pebbles and all the queer treasures you find only on the ocean's edge.

Newport has a safe and pretty harbor. A strip of land like a protecting arm winds around it, and, indeed, makes it; and on the end of it is a fort—Fort Adams—the next to the largest fort in our country.

There is much to see over there. Twice a week the band plays in the green enclosure, and on those days it is the fashion for everybody to drive there; and the horses get excited going through the strange openings in the massive stone walls, and they prance about a good deal. The ladies wear beautiful dresses and walk on the parapets, the soldiers' buttons and guns glisten in the sunlight, and it is all very gay. There are big cannon to see, and they almost frighten you to look at them. The queer loop-holes in the wall, the green earth works, the solemn sentinels, and the naughty soldiers with balls and chains fastened to their ankles, the pyramid of cannon balls, are all sights that make children wonder and ask many questions.

There is an island, too, that helps make this a safe harbor; and on it is the torpedo station, where the Government has many naval officers engaged in making war torpedoes, which they can some day put under an enemy's ship and so blow it high into the air and all to pieces.

But we hope that day is far off, and will pray that it may never come. This island looks as pleasant and pretty, and the flowers grow there so luxuriantly, and so many people live there that one can't believe that they are making such horrible things and getting ready for terrible war.

When they experiment with these torpedoes to see if they are all right, they put them down into the sea and touch them off with electricity, and a great volume of water goes as high as any church steeple up into the air. This is very harmless and very beautiful, and often the wharves are crowded with people who go down to witness the sight. When the President comes to Newport he is saluted with these explosions; and he said last summer that it was the grandest and most beautiful salute he had ever seen or heard of.

Can you imagine a piece of the ocean rising like a tower of water—sometimes 20 such pieces at one time—and falling back in great sheets of spray? One wants to be at a safe distance, and the poor fishes do not like it at all. The shock kills them and they float by thousands on the top of the water when the sea is again quiet.

You can go to the fort in a sail boat, if you wish; and it is great fun to go dashing through the water among orange vessels and dainty yachts, and the skipper will talk sea-talk, which is very like Greek as far as your understanding him goes.

Ida Lewis, the brave girl who at different times, has saved 13 people from drowning, lives in a light house, built on some white rocks, in this harbor. You can see her and her large pet dog—such a large, black fellow!—almost any day. You will expect to see a very big woman, after you hear how she has pulled into her boat drowning men; but she is, really, a small, slender woman, without much physical strength. But she has a big heart and big nerves, and if she saw any of you in the water, no matter how the storm raged or what the danger to her own life might be, she would save you if she could. She has a lovely white boat with satin cushions, and silken flags, and gold bands on it, that the City of Newport gave her. But it is a black, weather beaten, homely little boat that she used when she saved all those lives, and so that boat is really worth more to me than the dainty little pleasure craft she uses in pleasant weather.

The last time she risked her life for others was on a dark and stormy night, when she heard loud cries from the water. She was not well at the time, and was lying down in a wrapper and with out her boots on. She did not stop to protect her feet, but on the way to the door she caught a towel and tied it about her neck, as she flew over the rocks to her boat house. It was not many minutes before she was far out from the shore, and had two insensible drowning men in her boat, whom she found almost dead, clinging to the mast of an overturned vessel. That simple action of tying a towel about her neck by the corners, set the fashion of wearing silk handkerchiefs in the same way, as almost every lady has done since that time.

Few of us are possessed of the courage and self-possession in danger that characterize brave Ida Lewis; but we can try and follow other fashions which she set for us that night. She even once risked her life to save a poor, bleating, frightened lamb; and I am sure it was as grateful as any person could be, though, poor thing, it did not say a word.

Ida Lewis would have been famous many years before she became so, but her bravest deed was never known to the world. She saved some naughty boys who would surely have been drowned but for her. But they told her not to tell of it, as they did not want their parents to know of their disobedience in going, when they had been forbidden, upon the water. She never mentioned it to any one, though she had many a sick day in consequence of the terrible exposure on that occasion.

Big people drive every afternoon at Newport on a beautiful avenue, up and down, up and down, till a little child would get so tired of it I verily believe she would cry to go home, though it is very gay with handsome carriages. Little children are not often seen with the grown people on the fashionable drive, though a great many small dogs are in the carriages. Once in a while a child is lifted high up on a coach and rides behind four horses, and there are a great many children's turnouts. These are very pretty and often very novel.—*September Wide Awake.*

The Story of Chub.

Everybody about the depot knew Chub,

The Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Budding the Peach.

Those having peaches to bud should lose no time in doing the work. August and September are the months for budding, but the work is sometimes kept up well into October. The rule if to commence as soon as the buds are large enough to cut from the twig, and the work may continue so long as the sap continues to flow freely. This continues so long as the leaves remain green and vigorous, and depends much upon the state of the autumn weather. If the season remains dry, the time for budding will be shortened, and there seems a probability that it will so remain in many sections this year. The prevalence of the yellows in Michigan and other sandy regions in the West, particularly adapted to the cultivation of the peach, will undoubtedly create a demand for young stock that may be warranted to be free from this scourge. Thus the good reputation of the nurseryman will go a great way in the sale of this stock. And in view of the probable spread of the yellows, the greatest care both in the selection of pits for future planting, and scions for budding should be exercised. The careful nurseryman knows full well that the bungling grafter or budder is a nuisance and will not have such at any price. It is of still more importance that the stock be healthy, for this disease will be sure to be communicated, if the pits are from unhealthy fruit, fully as surely as from infected scions.

The prevalence of yellows in the Michigan fruit region, which has called for stringent legislative action in exterminating the disease, should prevent the use of home stock there in propagating. The bi-ennial meeting of the American Pomological Society should furnish the means of inquiry for the introduction of stock free from disease. It is hoped the delegation of Michigan pomologists attending will press this enquiry to the fullest extent. The fear has been suggested that the prevalence of the disease in Michigan will prevent the cultivation of peaches there in the future. This should not be considered for a moment. The disease has been known time out of mind in many portions of the country especialy in the peach growing regions of the Atlantic States. It has had its epidemic seasons; yet, to-day there are fully as many peaches grown there as ever. So it will be in Michigan; for that peach growing in this region will cease cannot for a moment be considered. The West cannot do without Michigan peaches, for in no other portion of the West can this fruit be so surely or easily grown. The prevalence of the disease has already had the effect to set Michigan pomologists to thinking and investigating. Improper cultivation and want of proper fertilization of the soil unoubtedly has had much to do with the spread of the disease. If so it may be remedied, and the severe losses experienced will have the effect to render acute cultivators more careful in the future. Upon light sands compostion would seem to be quite proper. It is probable that phosphatic fertilizers and those containing iron will be indicated. At least while every means are being taken to eliminate the disease, careful and continued experiments should be made with a view to test the effects of fertilizing agents, and particular systems of cultivation, in keeping the trees to take the place of the diseased ones more healthy in the future. Yet in all this, if healthy stock be not used, the occurrence of the disease will be sure.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Pit for Winter Protection of Gardeners' Stock.

I here present the plan of a cellar I am building, and which, I think, will answer admirably the purposes for which it is intended.

The floor is mainly for celery. At one end there are bins for potatos, carrots, beets, etc. Along the sides and down the middle are benches like those in a greenhouse, only higher. There is a walk around the middle bench; this bench is intended for roses, which are to be kept there until it is time to put them in the greenhouse to force them for Spring sale. The side benches are for apples, onions, etc. The cellar is 16x36 feet. Two feet of the earth were dug out for banking up on the outside. The walls are three and one half feet above the level of the ground and two feet below it, making the side walls five and one half feet high. These are boarded with inch planks, on cedar posts set four feet apart. The boards are nailed from the outside. The earth taken from the cellar is banked against them to a thickness of two feet at the top and five at the bottom, all around, except at the doors and windows. Both ends of the cellar above the level of the embankment, are double boarded on the gable-ends, with a space of eight inches between the boardings, to be filled with sawdust. Below this is the banking of earth from the pit.

The roof is shingled and double-boarded, having between the two boardings a space of four inches, which is to be filled with sawdust. It laps over the side walls a foot and a half, and from that point the ground is banked up so hard that it cannot settle, and after a good rain it is sodded all round, which gives it a nice green appearance in grass time and keeps it still warmer in winter. To have plenty of light and air, I have on each side of the roof three sashes, 3x6 feet, like hot-bed sashes, hinged at the top, just so on a greenhouse, and at the lower end of each sash is an iron bar having holes punched in it, so as to raise the sash to a greater or less hight, for the purpose of ventilation, whenever desirable. Each sash fits closely into the roof, and is battened to prevent the entrance of rain. Underneath the sashes are shutters, which can be opened or shut, and between them and the sashes are spaces of four inches, which can be filled, whenever necessary, with straw or a straw mat. I don't think, however, that frost will penetrate through sash and shutter from the roof, thought it might from the sides.

In the most convenient end are double doors. The inside one is made like the door of a stable, having a window sash which can be opened or closed at pleasure. Outside this is a box as high as the door and four feet wide, so that the outside door will be four feet from the inside one. The outer door is made double, with a four inch space for sawdust. The top of the box, between the doors, is double boarded, like the outside door, and filled with sawdust. The sides of the box are protected by an earth embankment. On the other end of the cellar there if a window, guarded with a box like that protecting the door, only not so large, and having a shutter at the other end. A convenience of this sort will pay for itself every Winter, and should be used, in sizes to suit their needs, by all largely interested in flower or vegetable culture.—D. Myllys, jr., in *Rural New Yorker.*

Naked Fallows.

Fallowing land is a wasteful practice except for the purpose of cleaning foul land by ridding it of weeds. So when a fallow is resorted to for this purpose, as soon as weeds fail to cover the soil, it should be seeded to some crop that will cover and shade the soil. The old-time naked fallow, is only advocated by that class of farmers who do not believe in progress or that this generation know more than the last. It was well enough for the ancients with their slack system of cultivation to advocate a naked fallow, and those who cling to the notion that a naked fallow is the most economical way to renovate an ill-tilled field, may take many good lessons if they would from progressive agriculture. But they will not. They don't believe in "book farmin'." A green fallow is undoubtedly a good thing to worn land. The plowing disintegrates the soil and renders it mellow. The crop sowa to be subsequently turned under, shades the land and facilitates the formation of nitrous elements, one of the most valuable to the soil, and the crop, whatever it may be, when turned under, acts both mechanically and chemically. Mechanically, in mellowing and disintegrating the soil through the vegetable matter contained, and chemically in reaction from the decay of the organic matter. Our best farmers do not now believe in the naked fallow. They cannot afford to allow land to be idle so long as is required, especially since they have found as a rule that this naked fallow is absolutely detrimental to the soil. If the soil must be cleaned of weeds they supplement this growth with something to shade the ground as densely as possible. They substitute rotation, in which grass and clover form an important integer from its well known renovating power. They save every shovelful of manure possible, to assist the fertility of the soil, and above all read such agricultural journals as reach most comprehensively and practically, new facts in agricultural progress that are weekly being made apparent. Thus while reaching maximum crops they get them at a minimum expense, and are not under the necessity of summer fallowing. They have found that a clean kept field of corn is a good preparation for wheat as well as the stalks are a protection in winter. They have found that a clover ley will bring back a soil to a granular consistence, so to speak, that has by bad cultivation been allowed to run together. In fact, they have found out many things by reading and observation in advance of their old fogy neighbors, who do not believe in "taking time by the forelock," but depend upon following their more progressive neighbors, but not until they have reaped the benefit of their careful reading and superior tact. They still cling, however, to the old-time *naked* fallow, simply because their fathers belived in it. The wise men know better.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Improved Seed.

The Royal Agricultural Society, of England offer two prizes of £25 and £10 each for distinctly new varieties of wheat which shall combine the largest yield of grain and straw per acre with improved form and size, smooth and thin skin, full and white kernel, and high specific gravity in the seed, and with bright, firm, and stiff straw. One sack must be delivered to the society by each competitor, together with a sample bundle of straw before October next. A portion of each sample will be kept for comparison, and the remainder divided into equal portions, will be cultivated next year in four localities differing in respect of soil and climate. The prizes will be awarded for the best varieties of the crop of 1880 thus cultivated under the Society's auspices, if in the opinion of the judges they possess qualities which entitle them to distinction. The produce of the experimental crop of 1880 will be the property of the Society, and will be offered first to the competitors who submitted the seed. The Society also offers prizes of £25 and £10 for newer and improved varieties of wheat upon the same conditions as those enumerated before, except that the sample sacks shall be delivered by October, 1882, thus giving time for the development of an uniform and permanent variety.

The is a point here which our State Boards of Agriculture would do well to imitate. The matter has been urged from time to time and yet, so far as we know, no attention has been taken in the matter. We seem to run to large premiums for stock, seeming to forget that live stock, although important, is not the most important integer in agriculture. The cereal grains stands as the groundwork of American agriculture, wheat and corn being the most important of these. Yet merely nominal premiums are offered for these products. Some of these days farmers will begin to ask why it is that grain, grass, dairy products, fiber plants, and other important products of American industry are practically ignored by so many of our boards of agriculture.

Concerning Hops.

The hop crop has now been harvested and in very good condition. Our contemporary, the *Freeman's Journal*, in speaking of the crop in New York, states that the yield will fall off about 25 per cent. compared with last year. Estimates from all the returns give the total yield of the United States at fully 70 per cent. that of last year. The crop just harvested will do little, if any more, than supply the brewing and other demands of the country. Not less than 10,000 barrels of ale and beer will be brewed and it two pounds of hops to the barrel are used, that will call for 120,000 bales of 200 pounds each. Probably of old hops, brewers and dealers now have 25,000 bales. England, according to the *London News*, will call for 75,000 bales, or $5,000,000 worth of foreign hops.

It is, perhaps, too early to say what England will pay for hops, while American hop growers should also bear in mind that Germany has a surplus of hops of the lower grades; yet one thing is certain, choice American hops will command good prices, and we are glad our hop growers are to have at least one year of good prices again. Hop growing has been a losing business for several years past, and one season of good profits will scarcely reimburse the losses of the farmers. In Otsego County, N. Y., 2,500 bales of the new crop have been sold at 25 to 32 cents, while for a few choice lots 35 cents has been paid. There are growers who are holding choice hops at 35 to 40 cents. All the hops will be wanted, and if the crop was in a few strong hands prices might easily be advanced five cents per pound. As it is, however, one man's opinion on the future selling price of hops is worth about as much as another's.—*American Cultivator.*

A Western Railroad Fight.

Globe Democrat.

Southern Dakota is the scene of a railroad war similar to that which has made Colorado famous, though it has not yet come to bloodshed. It is for the possession of the fertile Niobrara Valley, which extends some 300 miles west from the Missouri River at Yankton, along the border of Nebraska and Dakota toward the Black Hills. The possession of the valley involves the gain of a large land grant and the future traffic of the gold fields. The race is triangular, the parties being the St. Paul and Sioux City, the Milwaukee and St. Paul, and the Southern Dakota roads, the last named being the property of John I. Blair, the New Jersey millionaire and Iowa railroad king. Blair is said to be worth $50,000,000. 2,500,000 acres of land in Iowa and Nebraska, to have advanced in money for the roads which he has built at the West no less than $30,000,000, and not to have issued a bond in all these operations. The St. Paul and Sioux City folks were intending to build a line across Dakota on a certain parallel, when the Milwaukee & St. Paul people coolly took possession of that route ahead of them. While they were thus engaged Blair stepped into their direct line west of Yankton, but was soon discovered, and the race began. With such haste did the Milwaukee people set out to overhaul him that they laid their rails without surveying in advance. A large party was sent ahead to locate the line in front of Blair if possible, but at last accounts he was 48 hours in the van, and likely to maintain the lead.

The Outlook in New Jersey.

Newark Advertiser.

The outlook is good for Republican success in New Jersey. The Senate is almost sure to be Republican by a fair majority, and the great object must be the election of men of the right sort to vote for United States Senator. From now until 1881 the placing of a Republican in the seat of Mr. Randolph should never be forgotten, and always earnestly sought. National affairs are of too great importance now for any laxity in the work for the cause.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

Its Progress is One Continued Ovation.

SEDALIA, Mo., Sept. 23.—The Presidential party arrived here at 7 o'clock this morning from Hannibal by a special car. The party now consists of Pres. Hayes, Mrs. Hayes, Mr. Burchard Hayes, Gen. Sherman, and Col. Tourtellotte and H. Bacon, of his staff. At this place the party was met at the depot by a committee of citizens headed by the Mayor, and escorted through the Town.

The distinguished strangers were entertained at breakfast by Col. Jaynes at his residence, after which a little speaking was done from the porch of the house to the crowd who had assembled in the yard. Mrs. Hayes was called for and greeted with cheers. After the talk, which was brief and informal, a number of leading citizens were presented to the President and to Mrs. Hayes. Gen. Sheridan was loudly called for, but Gen. Sherman informed the disappointed people that Little Phil. had returned to Chicago.

A National salute was fired in honor of the President, and 15 guns in honor of Gen. Sherman. The President was escorted to the train by a band of music and a delegation of citizens. The day is beautiful and the entire party are in the best of health.

MENDOTA, Ill., Sept. 23.—The Presidential party arrived here this morning by a special train furnished by the officers of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company a few minutes before 10 o'clock, and was received by a local committee of citizens at the depot, and by an immense crowd of people. Among these assembled were 2,500 school children, 1,500 workingmen and the yeomanry of the surrounding country. Messrs. Evans, Hawkins, Beaupie, Bartlett and Sherwin, of the local committee, came on board the train and were introduced to the Presidential party. The President was conducted to the rear of the train where he was received with enthusiasm by the people and when he was introduced to them by Congressman Sherwin, of Elgin, Mr. Sherwin said:

Fellow Citizens and School Children of Aurora:

I know how glad you would be if you had a day in which to testify your regard and high respect for the President, but as his trip through here is a mere delay, I will not interpose myself between you and him any longer, but will introduce to you the President of the United States.

Wild cheering followed this announcement, after which the President said:

FELLOW CITIZENS.—In this brief interview which we have with people who assemble as you have assembled to greet us as we pass, I cannot hope to say anything that will be useful; I cannot hope to say anything that will be worthy of your remembrance. The general topic of the day is the changed condition of the country, as compared with the last five or six years and everywhere the purport of which I undertake to say, even when speaking in the briefest period, is mainly this. I wish to impress upon our people as far as I can able and the young school children and laborers, and capitalists, and men of business, this one great fact, and that is that in this free country we are all thoroughly connected together. That there can be no great injury to any part of our country or to any one class of our citizens that does not in its fatal result reach every part of the country and all sections of citizens. This is the great fact, if a foot is injured, or crippled, it destroys the ability or usefulness of the whole man; if any section of our country is crippled then the whole country, more or less, is crippled; if any class of people is oppressed and suffers injustice, the whole of society must sooner or later suffer with it necessarily. The great body of our citizens are laboring men. The general prosperity of the country rests more with the prosperity of the laborers than with any other one class; therefore, my friends, what I wish to say is, let us see to it that in all our pleasures whatever may be remembered and whoever may be forgotten we should still plan of travel, and it is difficult to get used to making too long stops. Of course, one is naturally desirous of saying something when he speaks, but the time is so brief that I must decline, perforce, from entering into topics which invite me. I thank the Governor and the people who have come here to welcome me and in his remarks I hope the Governor represents the feeling of the people of Kansas in his grandly welcome and in this reception which we have received here upon entering the gateway of the familiar State of Kansas. Surely I do not know of any community anywhere on earth whose welcome and hearty approval I could value more highly than that of the people of Kansas. [Cheers.] The people of Kansas have been attracted to this beautiful land by many motives, but cannot be forgotten that these people fought their battles of freedom, which caused her to obtain a representation she has won and so well derived. You were here in the beginning so that conflict, and the people of the State, under the leadership of Abraham Lincoln, stood by your principles and battled for the freedom of the whole country. You stood here to the end, and when the history of the State comes to be written, your noble conduct will be recorded, and it will give a high, conspicuous and noble place to the people of Kansas. [Cheers.] I wish to do what I was told to do very shortly after I was inducted into the office under the government which I now hold. A friend of mine said the business of the President was to preside and accordingly when I meet my fellow-citizens, I am in the habit, as far as I can, of pushing to one side these other gentlemen and preside in that capacity. [Laughter and cheers.] I now have the pleasure of introducing to you a gentleman somewhat famous in the military history of the country, Gen. Sherman. [Loud and enthusiastic cheers.]

Gen. Sherman said:

You have heard that we have but a few minutes left for our stay at Fort Scott. These few minutes have sufficed for you to see your President and the small party that accompany him. It happen to be one of those. We have been called out almost every five minutes in the day since we left Chicago, and indeed, for two weeks before that time, so that we have very little to say. What we have said already has been printed and read by you. I have been here many years ago, before some of these young men were born. I never was stationed at this place before the war, but I was stationed at Fort Leavenworth and have visited Fort Gibson for many years. I have been engaged in making you frontier safe against the Indians. The Kaws and Pottowatomies used to be around here. I can see where they are now; they have gone away. [Laughter and cheers.] Another set of Indians has sprung up, and he laughter.] From the appearances, I should say you are a better set of Indians than the others. [Renewed laughter.] I hope you will go on improving until you make Kansas the home of liberty and freedom. [Loud cheers.]

The Presidential party visited the Central School building, and were received by the teachers and children, shaking hands with many.

The Capitol Guards of Topeka, the staff of Gov. St. John, the fire companies of Fort Scott, the Mayor and City Council, and a large delegation of citizens, headed by the cornet band, turned out to escort the President through the City. A halt of an hour was made at the end of which time the train proceeded on its way.

NEOSHO FALLS, Sept. 23.—This comparatively unimportant place was thronged to day by a crowd of not less than 22,000 people, who had assembled here to attend the fifth annual district fair of this locality and to welcome the President and Gen. Sherman, whose coming had been extensively advertised.

Soon after 10 o'clock the distinguished visitors disembarked from the train and then proceeded to the fair grounds, a mile distant, in carriages. The President and General Sherman were escorted by the Capital Guards, of Topeka, headed by the band of the 16th United States Infantry, and a company of boys less than 12 years old, in the uniform of Zouaves.

The grounds were handsomely decorated and ornamented by various productions of the State, artistically and tastefully arranged.

At the entrance of the grounds was an arch, through which the carriages passed, erected with great labor, expense and artistic effect, and ornamented with the products of the farm.

Hon. John R. Goodin in a brief speech extended a welcome to the President on behalf of the Fair Association.

He was followed by Gov. St. John, who delivered an address containing interesting statistics showing the rapid growth and prosperity of Kansas since 1861. He closed by introducing Pres. Hayes.

Pres. Hayes responded as follows:

Gov. St. John and Fellow Citizens:

My first duty is to make my sincere acknowledgments to the President and Managers of this Fair and to the Governor and State officers of Kansas, for their kindness in enabling me to be present with you today and enjoy with you this extraordinary spectacle. I thank them as individuals for what they have done in this reception and welcome and thank the people of Kansas who they represent for the welcome they have extended to us from the moment we entered their borders till this time. [Cheers.] The President of the Fair interested us very much with an account of its origin and what it represented of its present condition. I have understood, when large stories are told that the gentleman who tells the last story has greatly the advantage. [Laughter.] This occasion is no exception, for I feared that the Governor, when he came to speak of Kansas, went far beyond the President of the association. [Renewed laughter.] I was a little puzzled at one of the earliest sentences of the President, when looking along here as if he was looking at something indefinitely. When he told us that this fair, too, was in its infancy, it occurred to me as I looked along this crowd that if this was an infant association, what would it be in after years when it should grow into the bone and muscle of manhood. [Laughter and cheers.] When I left Washington it seemed to me fitting and proper to make some preparation to address the people that would honor me with their attention at various points to which I might go, and I prepared a couple of addresses.

I find myself here with you after having visited a number of places in Ohio and Illinois, in the condition Gen. Phil. Sheridan said he was in as we came down from Chicago to Quincy the other day. At the different stations the people appeared, and Gen. Sheridan, with others, made speeches. After we had passed some eight or ten stations he showed some signs of shirking, and finally he explained it. He did it in this way. He said: "When I left Chicago I had a number of little speeches prepared, and I bottled them up and have been taking them out of that bottle until it has the appearance bottles usually have after long journeys, of being pretty dry." [Laughter and cheers.] So, my friends, I am much in that condition to-day. As I rode along a gentleman of the press suggested he would like to know if I had prepared an address for this occasion. My reply was that I should make use of my other two speeches, mixing them up as might seem proper. I thought I would talk on the general subject of the prosperity of the Nation and suggestions that might be made proper as to what would continue that prosperity, but after listening to Gov. St. John as to the prosperity of Kansas, I see that the United States stands no show. [Loud laughter and cheers.] I was told after reaching here that this was a sort of a soldiers' gathering as well as a gathering of farmers and mechanics, and that Gen. Logan was expected to be present to make an address to the soldiers, and acting on that notion it occurred to me as Gen. Logan was not here, perhaps I had better make his speech [laughter], though I am quite incapable of doing it as he would do it, but when you can't have the best man you must take second best [renewed laughter] and so, my friends, I think it not quite inappropriate to say words that may be soldier talk, although Gen. Sherman is here, and it doesn't become any one to talk about war when Hannibal is present. [Cheers and laughter.] He undertook, when he found himself in the presence of a company of soldiers at the Grand Pacific Hotel at Chicago, to pass himself off as a civilian and therefore to be excused from talking. [Rounds of laughter.] So I shall take him at his word and will be a soldier a while and talk soldier talk. My excuse for that is that during the last year events have occurred in Congress and some of our States which have revived a little the discussion as to the settlement of the war. What are the legitimate results of the war has again been called up as a question for discussion; let me for a moment talk about that subject. I have tried to keep my head as level as I can on all these questions. Indeed, I think I have been suspected of having my head a little too level on occasions. [Laughter and cheers.]

Now, my friends, just a word of suggestion. I want to present to this audience, and to present it somewhat fully, in reply to the question: What are the settlements of the War? What may you, as soldiers, fairly claim you gained by your victory when you meet any Confederate soldier who fought so bravely? What may we say he ought in all fairness to admit? Now on that subject there are two general ideas. There is the idea of relationship between the General Government and the State Government, between what my friend the President calls the Nation and the States, and this is the relationship between the citizens of the States as among ourselves and the rights of all.

Now what are the settlements of both of these things in that great struggle from 1861 to 1866, and what may we claim was done in regard to both of these matters to wit, the right of the States and the right of all citizens. I think there has been some neglect on the part of all who have discussed the question as to the opinions, actions and settled judgement of Abraham Lincoln. My judgment is that of all the men who have written or spoken from the beginning till to-day on these questions that Abraham Lincoln is the man most entitled to be called the highest authority. [Loud Cheers.] A wonderful man was Abraham Lincoln. The world does not yet seem to know what it lost when he went down. In his first inaugural address he called the people of the South, "My dissatisfied countrymen," and said to them, "You can have no quarrel with me." A man of such a character, who, when he died, every man throughout the South felt as we feel, that the best friend they had was gone; and some turn to Lincoln naturally, because he had a good heart. But he was also a shrewd President, and a capable lawyer, with a logical faculty developed and strengthened by contact with the public men of this country. This question of State's Rights was a question he dwelt on from the day he received his nomination at Chicago, until the day of his death. If any man understood it Abraham Lincoln is the man who understood it best. Now, my friends, his opinions on this question were slowly formed and established in discussions before the American people, not upon theoretical and abstract discussion as Calhoun might have discussed them.

This subject was pressed upon him as a practical question every day of his life. His idea was, and the reason why I came to Kansas to say is, I understand you are a patriotic people, and a national people, but I am inclined to be a little afraid, when I heard your President talking, that he had put State rights in Kansas a little above our nation, and I can't stand that. [Laughter.] Abraham Lincoln's idea was simply this, that which in general belongs to the whole country, that is for the General Government, that which is particular and only concerns a locality, that was for the local government, and that was all there was in it. That is what Mr. Lincoln said, and that is all there is in it. That is the whole thing. Then you have only to ask, who are interested in having the rights of humanity enjoyed by our American citizens on every inch of American soil, and we answer that is a matter that concerns the General Government. [Cheers].

Now, my friends, appealing to Mr. Lincoln as the highest authority on this subject, I refer to that one great message, his first message to his first Congress in 1861, an extra session was called; the war was in full progress; he had dwelt intently on the whole subject, and meant to present it to the American people with all the ability he had in the message. I undertake to say it has not been excelled by any ever written. The matchless, mighty message of 1861, of Abraham Lincoln, contains the whole doctrine, and so, my friends, without undertaking to quote it, I commend it to you on all questions as to the results of the war, both as to State rights and the rights of citizens—the great message of Abraham Lincoln. Now, my fellow-citizens of Kansas, you have listened to me quite as long, I am sure, as you wish to. [Cries of "Go on—go on."] I have but this to say: Any prosperity that can come to the people of Kansas gives you what all lovers of liberty all over the world would wish you to enjoy. [Loud cheers.]

Gen. Sherman was called for by the people and on being introduced, was greeted with loud cheers. He spoke briefly and was heartily applauded. At the close of his remarks cheers were given for the President and Gen. Sherman.

Pres. Hayes was presented with an elegant buckhorn chair manufactured in the bones of Kansas cattle.

At five P. M., the party left for Emporia.

A Text for Lamar's Speech.

Vicksburg Herald.

The way Dixon was killed may be extremely legal, but it is off considerably in a moral point of view. It is impossible to morally shoot a man in the back, and not strictly moral to use a shot-gun on him, when he had only a pistol. It is asserted that Dixon threatened Mr. Barksdale, and therefore the latter took his shot gun to him. This may be good law but it is not good morals. It would have been in accord with good morals for Mr. Barksdale to have had Mr. Dixon placed under arrest, and thus prevent him from assassinating him. The world will never be convinced that Mr. Dixon would have been killed if he had not persisted in running for office.

GEN. GRANT.

Enthusiastic Reception at Oakland.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 24.—Gen. Grant and party last night attended a grand ball of the Police Department in aid of the Widows' and Orphans' Aid Society. The guests were received with cheers by the company assembled. This morning before going to Black Point, the General received a number of old residents of Galena.

During the forenoon Gen. Grant, accompanied by Gov. Irwin, Gov.-elect Perkins, Mayor Bryant and Gen. McDowell, visited the Produce Exchange and received an enthusiastic reception. Pres Clayton delivered a brief address of welcome, and after the inspection of various samples of California products the party retired.

Gen. Grant, accompanied by Maj. Gen. McDowell, Judge Field, Mrs. Grant, U. S. Grant, jr., and the Reception Committee, immediately after leaving the Produce Exchange, were driven to Washington street wharf, where the party took the steamer "General McPherson," which was covered with flags, pennants and wreaths of flowers, and proceeded to make a tour of the fortifications in the harbor, stopping a few moments at Blackpoint to take on several officers. The steamer proceeded to Angel Island where the General and party were received by the officers in command and shown around the post. After passing an hour or so the guests visited Alcatraz. The General inspected the fortifications there and complimented the commanding officer upon the excellent condition of the fort and remarked upon the splendid defenses of the harbor in general.

The party then took the steamer for Black Point. On arrivals the battery fired a salute of 38 guns. Carriages in waiting took the party to the residence of Gen. McDowell the bands of the Second and Fourth Artillery and Fourth Infantry playing "Hail to the Chief" there on his arrival, and the soldiers saluting. After a lunch, reception began and continued during remainder of the afternoon, many prominent citizens and ladies attending besides military gentlemen. During the reception the General met many comrades, and the time passed pleasantly, calling up memories of camp and battle field.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 25.—To-day being set apart for the reception of Gen. Grant in Oakland, the carriages containing Gen. Grant and party left the Palace Hotel at 10:15 A. M., drove directly to the wharf of the steamer "Amador," of the Creek route. A considerable crowd was in attendance to witness the start, and a number followed the cavalcade to the wharf. At the wharves a large gathering was present, all eager to see Gen. Grant, but while there was some crowding for precedence, a respectful quiet was maintained. Just as the Grant party boarded the "Amador" the "Oakland" left her dock with every available inch of room filled with people going across the bay to witness the reception. At 11:17 the "Amador" left the wharf. On board were Maj. Bryant, Hon. H. F. Page, M. D. Baruck, Japanese Consul, and a number of leading citizens, together with the Oakland Reception Committee. As the boat approached the Oakland wharf a salute of 21 guns was fired under the direction of the Citizens' Committee. The wharf and vessels lying at the wharf were gaily decorated. A large banner, inscribed "Welcome," floated across the entrance to the wharf. The party were met at the boat by Mayor Andrus and the City officials, and an address of welcome was made by the Mayor as follows:

GEN. GRANT—Your merited ovations have encircled the world. They have been as grand and varied as the nations that have offered them. And yet among them all, there has been no more earnest, sincere and cordial welcome than the City of Oakland now extends you—this preeminently city of homes and of families, of husbands and of wives, of parents and children, of churches and schools. There is no tie more sacred and lasting than that of family. At the family altar the fires of liberty are first kindled, and there is born the love of home, of kindred and of country, which is the source and foundation of our welcome to you, defender of our firesides and families.

The Mayor then handed him a roll containing the resolutions of greeting adopted by the city authorities. Gen. Grant replied by a silent bow, and, without further words, was conducted to a carriage in waiting.

The carriages with the City Council, Citizens' Committee, Board of Supervisors and citizens followed, the various military companies, fire companies, and civil organizations making up the procession. When all was in readiness the carriage containing Gen. Grant and Mayor Andrus filed through the gates and passed the line of companies in review till it reached the head of the procession, where, preceded by a detachment of police, it set out Broadway from the wharf. Along the entire line of procession the streets were crowded with people, the housetops and balconies and windows jammed with sight seers, and carriages blocked the way. The day has been one of unusual beauty, the sun shining warm and clear and it has been a general holiday. There's notably less cheering and noise than at the reception in San Francisco, but everybody shows a great desire to see the great General, and every face is full of the earnest welcoming that the City is giving to its distinguished guest.

HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS.

What Congress Will be Asked to Appropriate for this Purpose.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—The Secretary will ask Congress to appropriate the sums stated below for the improvement of harbors in the Western States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1881:

	Am't appropriated for this year.	Am't asked for n'xt yr.
Chicago	$ 7,500	$250,000
Calumet	12,000	20,000
Michigan City	40,000	75,000
Ontonagon	17,000	40,000
Marquette	1,500	5,000
Menomonee	10,000	20,000
Green Bay	4,000	18,000
Sturgeon Bay Canal	10,000	30,000
Algoma	7,000	20,000
Cheboygan	8,000	7,000
Port Washington	7,500	25,000
Milwaukee	20,000	70,000
Racine	6,000	14,000
Kenosha	5,000	14,000
Grand Marias, Minn	10,000	40,000
Duluth	25,000	65,000
Superior Bay, Wis	5,000	10,000
St. Mary's River and Canal	300,000	100,000
Harbor of Refuge, L. Huron	75,000	150,000
Charlevoix	9,000	20,000
Frankfort	4,000	20,000
Manistee	10,000	30,000
Ludington	5,000	10,000
Pentwater	6,000	10,000
Whitewater	1,500	10,000
Muskegon	5,000	10,000
Grand Haven	9,000	10,000
Black Lake	7,000	10,000
South Haven	7,500	20,000
St. Joseph's	6,000	15,000
Portage Lake Harbor of Refuge	10,000	30,000
St. Clair Flats	3,000	5,000
Au Sable	2,000	10,000
Cheboygan	2,000	10,000
Detroit	2,000	10,000
Toledo	20,000	30,000
Port Clinton	10,000	10,000
Sandusky	1,000	20,000
Huron		8,000
Vermillion		5,000
Black River		5,000
Cleveland	100,000	50,000
Fairport		5,000
Ashtabula	5,000	30,000
Conneaut		12,000
Erie	25,000	50,000
Dunkirk		30,000
Buffalo	100,000	300,000

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA.

Bismarck Desires to Understand Austrias Position and Future Policy.

BERLIN, Sept. 25.—A semi official north German Gazette says the importance of political relations between Germany and Austria has continued to increase the last few years. It was therefore an absolute necessity that the Chancellor should be assured of the permanence, of existing friendly relations. The news of Andrassys resignation made a great impression upon him, and on inquiry into the causes and results of this resignation was so important to him that he was not satisfied with written information on the subject, but wished to enter into direct communication with Andrassy and his successor, and obtain assurance of the good will of Austria from the highest authority.

The exchange of views which took place afforded complete satisfaction of the two empires and the mutual friendly understanding regarding these economical interests have, by means of the conferance of their leading ministers, again received the perfect guarantee which is afforded by mutual confidence and good will.

Dr. Harter's IRON TONIC

Is a Preparation of IRON and CALISAYA BARK, in combination with the Phosphates, Endorsed by the Medical Profession, and recommended by them for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, &c., &c.

Manufactured by the Dr. Harter Medicine Co., No. 213 N. Main Street, St. Louis.

The following is one of the very many testimonials we are receiving daily:

Gentlemen.—Some three months ago I began the use of DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC, upon the advice of many friends who knew its virtues. I was suffering from general debility to such an extent that my labor was exceedingly burdensome to me. A vacation of a month did not give me much relief, but on the contrary, was followed by increased prostration and sinking chills. At this time I began the use of your IRON TONIC, from which I realized almost immediate and wonderful results. The old energy returned and I found that my natural force was not permanently abated. I have used three bottles of the TONIC, since using it I have done twice the labor that I ever did in the same time during my illness, and with double the ease. With the tranquil nerve and vigor of body, has come also a clearness of thought never before enjoyed. My IRON TONIC has not done the work, I know not what. I give it the credit.

Yours gratefully,

TROY, O., Jan. 1, 1878. J. P. WATSON, Pastor Christian Church, Troy, O.

For Sale by Druggists and General Dealers Everywhere.

THE LITERARY BUREAU AGAIN.

Specimen Democratic Fictions—Too Weak to Last Through the Campaign.

Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—The lately exposed Democratic Literary Bureau has been exceedingly quiet for a time, but has at length broken out again, and is publishing some new specimens of alleged rebel appointments for the "soldier boys" of Ohio to "pass their verdict upon." The following are samples of these new Democratic inventions:

Here is the latest grievance of the ex-soldiers: Miss Ringold, an aunt of the Confederate guerrilla Mosby, is a clerk in the Appointment Bureau of the Treasury Department. Her duty is to pass upon the merits of the claimants for office, and loyalty to the Union is not with her a prerequisite in making recommendations to the Secretary.—*Literary Bureau.*

The facts are these:

Mrs. Mary C. Ringold, is the widow of Paymaster Ringold of the United States Army, and is related in no way to Col. Mosby. She is a copyist in the Appointment Division, and of course does not pass upon the merits of claimants for office, her duties consisting merely in recording letters after they are signed.

Miss Allston, of North Carolina, who claims to have been one of the loyal family in North Carolina during the war, has been removed to make a place for Miss McCauley of Georgia, the male members of whose family served in the Confederate army.

Miss Alston was recently removed from a position in the Treasury Department. It is known that she had three brothers in the Confederate army during the war, which scarcely justifies the claim of the family to loyalty.

Miss McCauley, who was appointed in her place, is the daughter of Lieut. Henry M. McCauley, of the 13th United States Infantry, recently deceased.

PHENOMENA IN THE OIL REGIONS.

One Party Striking a Well of Refined Oil and Another a Fountain of Ice Water.

MEADVILLE, Sept. 16.—Some months ago a party of oil operators from Titusville and St. Petersburg began operations in the newly discovered oil region of Trumbull County, O. They have struck a vein of petroleum of a character heretofore unknown in the oil business. It is lubricating oil of the finest quality, and it comes from the earth refined and ready for use on the finest machinery. This well is flowing five barrels of this oil a day, for which the operators have a ready sale at $16 a barrel. Ordinary oil, in the Pennsylvania regions, is now selling at 63 cents a barrell. The tract on which this phenomenal well is located is near West Mecca. Two thousand acres have been leased at enormous prices by other speculators. The discoverers of this refined lubricating oil are putting down other wells on their land.

Among the sand rock taken from New & Thurston's new oil well near State Line, at a depth of 1,600 feet, was a piece thickly studded with sea shells and bearing the impression of curious fishes.

Four miles from Clintonville, Venango County, a well was sunk three months ago to the depth of 900 feet. No oil, but a heavy vein of gas was found. The owner of the well attempted to remove the casing. It was raised a foot. The fresh water at the top of the hole rushed into the space at the bottom. It was caught by the great rush of gas and thrown 100 feet in the air. This natural fountain has been gushing at the rate of 2,000 barrels of ice cold water a day ever since, with no indication that it will ever cease.

TOM GRIGGS

The Village Editor and his Friends.

From the Danbury Man's New Book.

"If Tom Griggs looked for any lightening of the cloud when out of the atmosphere of his home and in that of the office, he was not gratified. It is more than likely he had no such expectation. It is a remarkable fact in connection with the conduct of a country printing-office, that, on the day when an extraordinary financial effort is to be put forth, some mechanical or other trouble arises. A form 'pies,' or an important roller melts, or some one of the meagre force is unexpectedly taken sick or drunk. A short bank account, and one, if not all, of these contingencies, invariably conjunct on the day preceding publication. People of a superstitious turn are confident there is something supernatural about this. In the case of Tom Griggs it was the last named misfortune. Hazelton, being of a frail and sickly cast, and not expected to live any great length of time, had g

News of the Week.

THE CAPITAL.

A dispatch says the Treasury Department has received an unusual demand for one cent bronze pieces and as soon as possible the Philadelphia mint will turn out a sufficient amount of them to fill many orders received.

The Treasury Department is in receipt of letters from the West complaining of the scarcity of notes of small denominations, and asking that a supply of notes be sent to the several sub treasuries with directions to pay them out in exchange for notes of larger denominations. The assistant treasuries with their limited clerical force cannot now undertake to change one denomination of notes for another. The Treasurer of the United States will furnish new notes of such denominations as may be desired in return for bankers' drafts in New York, and will transmit them as the applicant may indicate, but without risk or expense to the Government.

A Washington dispatch says in conversation with members of the Cabinet it is learned that it is the policy of the Government to assist in the honors shown Gen. Grant in every way possible. At San Francisco orders were issued from the War and Navy Departments requesting that the officers upon the Pacific Coast, and the men and vessels and munitions under their control, act in connection with the civil Committees in honoring the General. The orders will be issued wherever the General may be tendered a reception. The President is known to be a warm personal friend of Gen. Grant's and it is his express wish that everything be done that properly can be to show respect to the ex-President.

The relations between the President and ex President are of the most pleasant character. When Grant retired he did not burden the President or the departments with requests for places for his friends. It is said that he did not make a single indorsement in behalf of any favorite who might be in office, or desired to get in. The only request he made of the President is understood to be this: That Hon. B. H. Bristow should not be appointed to any position. This request has been complied with.

The Postoffice Department is preparing proposals for carrying the mails in Ohio, Indiana, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Kentucky and Tennessee, which will be published in November, and the opening will be in February next. The mail service under these proposals will be about double, as on all routes where service now is weekly it will be semi-weekly. All semi-weekly services will be increased to tri-weekly, and all county towns and court houses will have daily service.

The Evening Star publishes an interview with Sen. Bruce, Chairman of the Senate Committee to investigate the affairs of the Freedmen's Bank, in which the Senator is reported to have said that inasmuch as he was the only member of the Committee at present in the City, he felt constrained to keep a padlock on his mouth, but he said: "When we do make our report there will be startling revelations to make which I cannot now speak of. There is one thing I find our experts have in balancing the books, and that is that just when they reach that point which ought to lead to some important developments, they find that three or four pages of the ledger are torn out. What I want to do is to invite Congress to buy the Freedman's bank building and the property up to the corner of Sixteenth street. If the sale can be effected I will guarantee that an additional dividend of 20 per cent. will be paid to the bank's creditors. With the 30 per cent. already paid and the 20 per cent. additional, which I anticipated the bank will pay, the payments will aggregate a total of 50 per cent., and that is all I think ever will be paid. What ought to be done by Congress is to buy the building and discharge the three commissioners, who have for years been drawing a salary of $2000 per year.

At Washington the following letter from Col. Hatch, describing the battle with the Indians on the 18th inst., has been received at the War Department.

SANTA FE, Sept. 25.

Lieuts. Dawson, Wright and Day struck the Victoria's trail at the head of Sierra Blanc canon on the 16th, following it to the head of Los Animos River, where, on the 18th, they ran upon the Indians, who held strong positions. Capt. Beck, with his company, and Hugo, came up and took part in the fight. After fighting all day the troops were compelled to withdraw under cover of darkness, with a loss of five men killed and one wounded and 33 horses killed and six wounded. Morrow has sent Lieuts. Blackson and Gatewood, Silas Smith, Chief Sabry, with their Apache scouts and Emmet with his Navajoes, to the scene of action, and will follow immediately with a part of Company "L," of the Ninth Cavalry, and with 22 men of Company "C," will join him to-morrow. The Victorios are said to have about 140 Indians. Two Navajoes and one citizen were also killed on the 18th.

The cases before the United States Supreme so far as the United States are concerned, at its opening, are of peculiar importance. Among these is a petition for a mandamus against Judge Rives, of the Western District of Virginia, who removed into the United States Court the cases of two colored men, indicted for murder, upon the ground that they were prevented from having any colored men upon the jury. Also the case of habeas corpus on behalf of two Judges of the State Courts of Virginia, who have been indicted in the United States Court for preventing colored men from sitting upon juries.

There is also a case of a revenue officer from Tennessee who is indicted for murder in the courts of that State, the case having been removed to the United States Court for trial on the ground that it was committed in the necessary execution of his duty as a revenue officer, and the question of the constitutionality of the law authorizing such removal is to be discussed, as well as the manner in which the trial is to proceed after transfer into the United States Court.

There were also two cases involving the constitutionality of the election laws, which are brought up by *habeas corpus*, one from the District of Maryland, involving the legality of the punishment of the five Judges of Election in that State, and the other from the District of Ohio.

In connection with these, which may be termed political cases, there are three others to be heard later in the term, involving the constitutionality of the civil rights act entitling negros to equal accommodations at theaters, inns, etc.

There are also three cases of commercial importance, involving the constitutionality of the United States trade mark laws—first, as they affect foreign nations with whom we have treaties; and second, as to their operation within the lines of a particular State. Upon these questions there have been conflicting decisions in the District Courts of Ohio and Wisconsin. It is understood that those affecting foreign commerce had been advanced in the United States Courts at the request of the French Minister, transmitted through the Secretary of State.

A Washington dispatch says there is in the Treasury but about $6,179,000 in gold in denominations less than $20. The amount is not sufficient to meet any active demand upon the Treasury for small coin. To supply this deficiency it is understood to be the intention of the Treasury Department to recoin most of the foreign gold received at the New York Assay office into $5 and $10 pieces. In recoining foreign gold nothing less than $5 pieces will be turned out, as it is desired to get as large a number of standard silver dollars as possible into circulation.

A dispatch says a party in Illinois appeals to the Secretary of the Treasury for the redemption of five coupons of United States bonds, representing several thousand dollars. The applicant alleged that for safe-keeping he had placed the coupons in a tin box and deposited them in a stove pipe; that subsequently a fire was built and the coupons destroyed. The ashes, however, were retained in the box and presented with the application. The decision in the case is that the statute authorizing the redemption of called bonds, where clear and unequivocal evidence has been furnished that they have been destroyed, does not apply to coupons which, at the time of destruction were detached from the bonds. The coupons in question having been detached from the bonds cannot be redeemed.

EAST.

At Altoona, Pa., Sept. 23, the Prohibition State Convention met to nominate a candidate for the office of State Treasurer. George E. Turner, of Pittsburg, was made temporary Chairman, and J. N. Pierce, temporary Secretary, and subsequently they were made permanent officers of the Convention. Turner, on taking the chair further explained the call. He had interrogated the Republican, Democratic and Greenback Labor candidates, but they had so far declined to place themselves on record on questions addressed to them, hence the Prohibitionists were impelled to take separate political action. Resolutions were adopted, and Wm. L. Richardson, of Bloomsburg, was nominated for Treasurer by acclamation.

At Niagara Falls Sept 28, the Commissioners of New York and Canada have been in consultation for the purpose of devising some plan to prevent the destruction of the natural scenery of the falls. The subject will be more fully discussed at a future meeting.

WEST.

At San Francisco Sept. 23, Gen. Grant was formally presented to the citizens of San Francisco at the new City Hall. The people came in crowds. The Veterans fired a salute in the sand lots after which they marched to the City Hall and were presented to Gen. Grant.

Sen. Thurman does not relish his position as the tail to Ewing's kite. Just before the canvass he is reported to have said to a personal friend. "Is this not a great humiliation? Here I am to appear as the tail of the Ewing kite, and I must either keep quiet or advocate doctrines that are distasteful to me, and that I do not believe in. It is a cussed shame that old Democrats should be put in such a position."

The Tilden barrel seem to have been again liberally tapped for Ohio. Tilden, in addition to the large sum sent there earlier in the campaign, is now reported to have added $5,000 to be disbursed by Ewing, and $12,000 for use in Hamilton County.

At St. Louis Sept. 27, a Private circular was issued by the Trades Assembly and sent to all Assemblies in the United States and British North America setting forth a project for a general strike of all trades, the time to be determined by the Trades Assemblies to take united action for the adoption and enforcement of the eight hour law, the abolition of the truck system and child labor. They also propose to organize unions of all trades not now organized, and to appoint an organization committee to carry out the purposes of the assembly.

FOREIGN.

Great Britain.

A dispatch says the last party of tenant farmers sent to Canada to investigate the advantages of settlement in the Dominion represents portions of Scotland and the northeast and west of England. Seventy farmers from Sweden have sailed, intending to settle in Manitoba. If their undertaking proves successful they will be joined by 600 Swedes next Spring.

At London Sept. 29, there is very general distrust of the conduct of the Ameer during the Cabul outbreak, but as he has now come to our camp, he is giving material guarantee for his future good behavior. The gates of Cabul are closed apparently with a vague idea that the British are close at hand.

France.

A Committee of the Rouen cotton factory overseers, in a letter to the President of the Tariff Committee, state that not one quarter of their production finds a market and the stock is increasing alarmingly. Prices are so low that wages have fallen 25 per cent. Unless there is some change soon industry will come to a complete stand still.

Russia.

St. Petersburg dispatch says the great incendiary fires and other outrages of the Nihilists in many of the principal cities are causing wide spread apprehension and demoralization of the people, who are beginning to comprehend the utter inability of the authorities to deal with the disturbers. In addition to this, the Czar's condition is reported to be most alarming. He is represented to be plunged in the most profound melancholy, which is greatly aggravated since the Alexandrovo interview. His mind is constantly harassed with apprehensions of assassination, and his mental condition inspires the gravest anxiety on all who are cognizant of the facts.

At St. Petersburg Sept. 25, the semi-official Agence Russe denies that Russia is intriguing with Afghanistan, and says, had Russia wished to create difficulties for England, she would have liberated Abdul Rhaman, the pretender to the Afghanistan throne, whom on the contrary she is watching in Samarsand preventing his flight to Afghanistan. The Agence Russe concludes as follows: "Events at Cabul and in Turcoman territory tend to prove the necessity of a good understanding between England and Russia."

At St. Petersburg Sept. 23, an official telegram from Gen. Lomakin, commanding the Russian expedition in Central Asia, states that an advanced detachment of the expedition against the Tekke Turkomans passed on to Kopt Dagh on the 4th inst. At Bashi and Beurma no Turkomans were encountered, and only 50 Kibitkas remained at Atchman, the rest of the population having decamped. It is rumored that the Tekkes are assembling at Geok Tepe to resist the advance of the expedition.

Spain.

Government has received a memorial from the Cuban slave holders asking for a prompt solution of the slavery question. The memorial states that unless steps are speedily taken by the authorities, the planters must themselves set the slaves free to prevent their property being burned. Government has replied, expressing the hope that plantation proprietors will act in conjunction with the Captain General of Cuba and in a spirit of patriotism.

Peru.

The Panama Star and Herald of Sept. 16, says: During the attack on Antafagasta, Chili, by the Peruvian iron clad "Huascar," a torpedo was launched against the Chilian transport "Abtao." After proceeding a short distance the torpedo turned, heading direct for the "Huascar." A young officer seeing the peril of his ship, leaped overboard, and meeting the torpedo changed its course, and it passed under the stern of the "Huascar." The Captain of the "Abtao" was reported wounded in the fight, and a number of his men and officers killed.

There is not a dollar in the Peruvian Treasury, and the future has been contracted up to the end of November, and $3,000,000 are due the banks and others for war expenses. The soldiers are without pay, and promise soon to be without rations. The Banco Nacional is closed and several directors and ex Directors are in prison, charged with issuing paper to the amount of $266,500. The Government has guaranteed an over issue, and assessments on shareholders will furnish sufficient funds to pay depositors and other claimants.

Afghanistan.

A Simla dispatch says many persons here regard the Ameer's arrival in the British camp as an astute move on his part to foster the belief that he is innocent of complicity in the murder of the British Envoy at Cabul. On the other hand, high officials express confidence in his entire innocence.

The advance of the British forces continues. The Ameer accompanies the troops. It is expected that the column will arrive before Cabul Wednesday next. Resistance is unlikely.

Sir Frederick Roberts has received instructions to issue a manifesto to the Afghan people that the British army advances on Cabul to avenge the treachery to the British Envoy; that peaceable inhabitants will not be molested, but if opposition is offered, those persons with arms in their hands will be treated as enemies. Non combatants, women and children are advised to withdraw to a place of safety.

PARNELL'S POLICY.

It Is Declared to Have a Disorganizing Effect.

LONDON, Sept. 30.—The Times, on the disorganizing effect of Parnell's policy, says it would become really formidable only if it should extend all over Ireland.

The Pall Mall Gazette concedes that the complaints of the Irish tenants and farmers are mostly genuine, that they are for the moment unable to pay their rent, and they believe in their right to remain on the land in every event. They are fresh from exhortations of the most popular politician in Ireland, Parnell, to stick to their homesteads whatever be the consequence. If a general refusal to pay rent is followed by wholesale eviction, this again will almost certainly be followed by a series of agrarian murders, and unless the Irish Executive is prepared to support landlords by measures amounting to little less than the military occupation of a large part of the country, landlords will have to choose between virtually conceding the tenant's claim to fixity of tenure and giving the signal for an outbreak.

The anti-rent agitation is the only one among the other systems of the general unrest of Ireland. For the moment it is most urgent, but even if the worst pinch of agrarian distress was relieved by a universal reduction of rent there would still be much to disquiet us in the condition of the country. The enthusiasm by which Parnell's progress has been attended, has infinitely weakened the hands of the more moderate Home Rulers and emboldened the Ultras, and among its first results was the somewhat too precipitate proposal to assemble the National Convention. The fate of this political project is at present uncertain, but the agitation upon which the more violent section of Home Rulers have entered will in one shape or other produce its inevitable result upon the party generally. The troublous project in Ireland is not really effected by the success or failure of any given scheme for organizing pressure upon the Government. At present the temper of the Irish people and their leaders concerns us much more seriously than any particular proposal for its manifestation, and while this temper remains what it is, semi-seditious among the people and recklessly incendirry feelings among leaders, the situation must be a grave one whether the convention ever meets or not.

The old statute which prohibits conventions in Ireland has been repealed.

The Grant Festivities.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 28.—Yesterday Gen. James M. Comly, American minister, resident at the Hawaiin islands, now in this city, introduced the Hawaiin consul, H. W. Severance, and a number of residents of the islands, to Gen. Grant. In the afternoon he witnessed the drill or the Underwriters' fire patrol.

The camp fire of the veterans at the pavillion last night was very badly arranged. Institutions were located by thousands in excess of the capacity of the building. The hall was densely crowded. Many of the boys in blue and grey imbibed so much beer as to become too hilarious, and climbed on the tables several of which came down with a crash. Women fainted in the press. The crowd outside almost stormed the doors in a vain attempt to get inside, many climbing over the transoms and dropping inside. That no one received serious injury in the crush within and without the building, was due more to accident than good management. To-day Gen Grant has been allowed comparative quiet, the only engagement being to drive with J. C. Flood. With the exception of the reception of School children at Woodward's garden to-morrow, the public festivities in the city may be considered to be at an end.

After the conclusion of the performance at the theater Gen. Grant drove to the Pavilion, where the camp fire of the soldiers and sailors of both sides in the late war was in progress. Notwithstanding the huge preparations of the Pavilion every inch of standing room was occupied and thousands outside were unable to obtain admittance.

The General, on his entrance, was greeted with a tremendous round of applause and responded to the address of welcome with a few remarks, after which the jollity characteristic of the occasion was resumed and continued until a late hour.

Those who visited the Sand Lots today in the expectation of hearing Kearney pronounce a diatribe against Grant, were disappointed. In the course of his customary speech the Agitator referred to his unsuccessful attempt to obtain an interview with the General, stating that his intention was to invite him to the Sand Lots. He proposed to make no comments on Grant's refusal to see him, leaving the intelligent workingmen to form their own conclusions.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 29.—The reception of the public school children at Westwood Gardens to-day by Grant was the most enthusiastic ovation he has yet received. Not less than 30,000 youngsters swarmed the Gardens, and the General's arrival was heralded by cannon and the vociferous cheers of school-boys. He spoke briefly to the children and was greeted with showers of boquets as he moved amongst them.

Two Naughty Boys.

Puck.

Once upon a time there were two little boys whose names were Sam my and Ben ny. Sam my was rather small for his age, but he was not a fool and was very sly, and often got big ger boys to do all kinds of things for him, just as if he were big himself. He learnt his book well, and could ci pher bet-ter than any boy in the school.

One day he went out to play, and took his tasks with him to study, and some ci-pher copy-books which his teach er had told him he must not use. The books and the pa-pers fell in the mud, and Sammy tried to clean them and soiled all his new clothes and made his hands and face very dirt-y in deed. If Sam my had done as his teach-er had told him, he would not have been in such a plight.

Ben ny was a very big Massachusetts boy. He did not go to the same school as Sam my, but he was quite as well known as a smart boy. Ben ny liked to fight, and the teach er often pun-ished him for it. Ben ny was also a bul-ly, and if a boy was not as strong as he was, he would trample on him and give him a black eye.

Benny, too, was always very jealous of other boys, and wanted to have his say in everything. To do this he would often play with naughty companions. These wicked boys would pretend to like Benny, but when his back was turned they would make fun of him. Benny grew to be a very bad boy himself, because he played with such bad companions. If we do not wish to be like Benny, we should only play with nice boys.

His Pocket was Picked.

Detroit Free Press.

On the Fair grounds yesterday an honest looking old chap walked up to a policeman and, after passing a few remarks on the weather, let out with:

"See here—I've had my pocket picked."

"Is that so?" asked the officer. "How long ago was it?"

"Yesterday forenoon."

"And didn't you report it?"

"No; this is the first I've said about it."

"How much did you lose?"

"Wall," slowly replied the visitor, "I didn't lose much. I believe it was only about 30 cents, or along there. I first thought I wouldn't say anything, as folks might think I was green, but after a hard struggle of most two days I have concluded that justice must take her course, no matter how bad it makes me feel. If you recover the money I'll divide even up with you, and mebbe we can scare the feller into paying me 50 cents for my worry."

The pickpocket still rejoices in his freedom.

—"WORTH their weight in gold" is what "Sellers' Liver Pills" are said to be. If you don't believe it, try them.

YELLOW JACK.

He Still Clings to His Victims—The Quarantine Troubles.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., September 28.—A letter from Dr. W. D. Summers, at Collierville reports two more new cases at Bailey Station in the Bedford family. The two Bedford families at that place are suffering fearfully. People died of the fever in their house last year, and it is believed that the infection was preserved by neglect in properly disinfecting the premises. This is borne out in the fact that people died in other houses last year, and no one has been stricken with the fever at Bailey's Station or in that vicinity, but the Bedfords.

Thirteen cases in all, 10 white and three colored, were reported to-day. One death occurred this afternoon, Isaac Cornelius, colored.

Donations to the Howards to day, aggregated $3,765 97.

At a meeting of the Howard Association last night, it was determined to reduce their medical corps one half. This action leaves but four Howard physicians on duty. Twenty nurses were sent out to-day by the Howards.

Interfering with bringing in loose cotton. The thermometer has ranged between 68° and 84°.

GREENVILLE, Sept. 23.—Advices from Concordia up to 8 P. M. Saturday, September 20th, are just received. Seven new cases, five white and two colored, and four deaths, three white and one colored, have occurred since last report.

The number of cases to date are 23; deaths, five. No more nurses are needed. Twelve hired nurses and four volunteary are now on duty. As only one case and one death have occurred within the last 24 hours, hopes are entertained that the worst is over.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 24.—The following telegram was received late this afternoon:

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 24.

Hon. John Johnson, Superintendent Quarantine, Memphis:

The State Board is advised by counsel here, Judge Archibald Wright and Col. Ed. Baxter, that the pretended election of J. S. Galloway as Special Judge of the Circuit Court there was utterly void, and his injunction is also void. You will, therefore, continue to enforce rule No. 6, expressly as if no injunction had been granted by Mr. Galloway.

Should proceedings be instituted to punish you for contempt of injunction, notify me by telegram.

J. D. PLUNKETT,
President State Board of Health.

Mr. Johnson has instructed all pickets to permit no one, not having had the fever, to enter the city. Parties bringing in loose cotton will be stopped at the picket post and warned of the danger they incur by coming into Memphis. This, it is thought, will practically evade the effect of the injunction issued to-day.

The thermometer has ranged between 65 and 71 degrees.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 25.—One new case was reported this morning, A. C. Fergerson, at the city hospital. One death has occurred, Charles Miller. The weather is clear and cool.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 25.—Seven cases in all, four white, two colored, and one Chinaman were reported to day.

Four additional deaths have occurred, Mary Nolan, Chas. Spicseller, Herman Tilcamp and Ludella Byrd, the last named are colored.

Five cases of fever are reported to have developed among the negros on President's island, five miles south of the City.

Donations to the Howards to day aggregate $491.40.

The thermometer has ranged between 52 and 71 degrees.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 26—1 A. M.—No new cases have been reported. Two deaths have occurred since last night—Littleton Penn and Rev. Father D'Reville. The former was left in charge of the Street Railway Co. office and was the Second Lieutenant of the Porter Reserves—the white military company recently organized, and was also a prominent Knight Honor, being the financial reporter of the Diamond Lodge.

Rev. Father Reville was a Catholic Priest of the Dominican Order. He was a native of France, and came to Memphis last January from Washington City, where he had resided for two years. He was stricken last Monday night, and died at 5 o'clock this morning. He was 39 years old.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 27.—At a meeting of the local Board of Health yesterday an order was passed establishing quarantine limits at five miles from this City against railroad trains and cars of every character, steamboats, and all vehicles, vessels, and modes of conveyance whatsoever, all persons and their baggage, and all merchandise of every description coming from Memphis or vicinity including Hopefield, and refusing the entry of this City to any such persons, articles, or conveyances until they have been secured in quarantine 40 days. Trains will be permitted to run from Little Rock to Forest City as heretofore. Trains, freight, or passengers running to Hopefield and connecting with steamboats on the Mississippi will not be permitted to come within the quarantine limits of Little Rock.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 27.—Two cases were reported this morning, Alf Borjeska and F. Goldcamp, and three deaths since last night, Mary Stines, Margaret Manley and John D. Allen. Dr. W. E. Winn has gone to Oak Grove, to investigate the cases of fever reported at that point. The weather is clear and pleasant.

One additional new case has been reported to the Board of Health, Allen Brown. Three more deaths have occurred: Carl A. Schurmeyer, Charles Hallman, Harriet Archey, colored. Charles Hartman died five miles from the City on Poplar St. Boulevard.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 28—10 A. M.—The development of several cases of yellow fever in the country adjacent, all of which were traced to infection from Memphis, has caused the rules and regulations governing quarantine to be drawn tighter. Hereafter no one will be permitted to enter or leave the city at any hour of the day without a special permit from the Superintendent of Quarantine. One new case reported this morning—Lizzie Cash. Weather clear and warm.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 28.—Thirteen new cases, three white and 10 colored, were reported to the Board of Health to day. Among the number are John A. Stinette, George Pleas and Walter McDonald.

Six interments were reported by undertakers: Alfred B. Watkins, Geo. Jerome, Richard Lawrence, Thos A. Dobbs, Jerome Vanardelrance, Dolly Rogers. The last named are colored.

In addition to the new cases reported to the Board of Health the following were supplied with nurses to day by the Howards: Mrs. Thos. Cubbins, Mrs. Lizzie Rynders, Isaac La Croix, Lizzie Cash, Adolph Rosedale.

To-day noon Alfred Watkins was buried with military honors by the Porter Reserves, of which company he was a member. Weather clear and war.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 29.—Nine new cases, four whites and five colored, were reported to day. Hugo London was the only white reported this afternoon. No additional deaths have occurred.

Mrs. Caroline Glenn, Wysh Pless, John Merrens and James Rice were supplied with nurses to day by the Howards. Their cases have not yet been reported to the Board of Health. Donations to the Howards to day aggregated $1,192.50.

The following telegram was received to night:

NASHVILLE, Sept. 29.

Hon. John Johnson, Superintendent Quarantine, Memphis:

The greatest vigilance is now necessary to prevent the spread of the pestilence into the country around Memphis. You will therefore revise Rule No. 1 of instructions to be observed by pickets and patrols, so as to read as follows: "Parties residing beyond the picket lines are hereby warned against the great danger they would incur by coming within the City limits, and as a precaution to prevent the further spread of the disease into the country, such persons will not be permitted to pass the picket lines without a special permit from the Superintendent of Quarantine. Such special permits will only be granted in cases of urgent necessity."

D. PLUNKETT,
President State Board of Health.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 30.—Noon—Seven more cases reported: Susie Lucas, James Rice, Adolph Rosedale, Mrs. Mary Bacon, who died last night, Annie and Leo Werne and Sallie White. The last named are colored. Mrs. Ruth James and Miss Kate James, residing beyoud the City limits, are also reported down with the fever. Three additional deaths have occurred, Isaac Lacroix, Charley Dargis and John Rettes. Mrs. Prestige, continues to improve. Sister Agnes, whose name was reported among the new cases to-day, came from the St. Mary's Catholic hospital at St. Louis with Sister Joseph about three weeks ago. She has been attending the sick at the City Hospital, where she now lies ill.

Thomas H Milburn, President of the German National Bank, has been ill with fever for the past week. He has had no physician, being attended by Gen. W. J. Smith, acting President of the Howard Association, who reports him convalescing. His name has never been reported to the Board of Health. Effie Dalzell, daughter of the Rev. W. T. Dalzell, is progressing favorably.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 30.—The following notice was served to-day:

MEMPHIS, Sept. 30, 1879.

Hon. J. S. Galloway, Special Judge, N. W. Speers, jr.:

Please take notice that I will on Wednesday, the 1st of October, 1879, in the City at Brownsville, Tenn., before the Hon. H. L. Livingston, Chancellor, move for an injunction to restrain J. S. Galloway from acting as a Special Judge of the Circuit Court of Shelby County, and N. W. Speers, jr., from acting under any of the feats, orders or decrees of the said Galloway, while acting as special Judge, etc.

(Signed) JOHN JOHNSON,
Sup't. of Quarantine.
By G. W. GORDON, Solicitor.

INTELLIGENT WORKMEN.

Want of Mechanics, Not Bookkeepers.

Scientific American.

Notice was taken in a recent issue of this paper of the experience of a large shoe manufacturer of this State, who advertised in Boston and New York for 25 shoe fitters to work in his factory, offering full current rates and steady work. The advertisement brought one application. About the same time a Boston firm advertised for a bookkeeper, and the next day's mail brought 347 answers.

During the same month an advertisement for a clerk in a Detroit paper brought 140 applications the first day and a greater number of letters and personal applications the next day. An advertisement for a week in the same City, calling for a good carpenter, brought only four replies.

It is altogether probable that in any considerable City in the land an advertisement for a bookkeeper or retail clerk will bring 50 times as many replies as an advertisement for a fair workman at any trade. It is also probable that in any and every City the average earnings of clerks are nowhere near so large as the earnings of workmen of average skill in the various trades.

Further, it is fairly certain that, with equal capacity, industry, and thrift, the young man who learns any trade will achieve a reasonable competence sooner than the young man who sticks to clerking; while the chances for materially improving one's condition are more numerous in the trades than behind the counter or at the desk.

Why is it, then, that the boys all want to be clerks? Why is it that intelligent parents encourage them in looking for a chance to "get into business," and in looking down on mechanical employments—as though there could be any calling more wretchedly mechanical than average clerking? Why is it that teachers almost invariably train their pupils to "look above" mechanical pursuits?

What the country wants now is workmen—intelligent, industrious, thrifty workmen; men who can do skillfully the work that waits for the doing—who can invent new means and better processes for developing the crude resources of the land, and for converting crude matter into life sustaining and life enriching wealth. Mere clerk and record keepers are at a discount. There are too many of them. And the professions, so-called, are almost equally crowded with men who have nothing to do. There never was a time when ability to do something real and practical was worth so much as now. Yet our young men swarm after clerkships. Why is it?

Great Place for Wheat.

N. Y. World.

"Let's see, they raise some wheat in Minnesota, don't they?" asked a Scoharie granger of a Minnesota man.

"Raise wheat! Who raises wheat? No, sir; decidedly no, sir. It raises itself. Why, if we undertook to cultivate wheat in that State, it would run us out. There wouldn't be any place to put our house."

"But I've been told that grasshoppers take a good deal of it."

"Of course they do. If they didn't I don't know what we would do. The cussed stuff would run all over the State and drive us out—choke us up. Those grasshoppers are a Godsend; only there ain't half enough of 'em."

"Is that wheat nice and plump?"

"Plump! Why, I don't know what you call plump wheat, but there are 11 in our family, including 10 servants, and when we want bread we just go out and fetch in a kernel of wheat and bake it."

"Do you ever soak it in water first?"

"Oh, no; that wouldn't do. It would swell a little, and then we couldn't get it in our range oven."

Can't See It Exactly.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

If Kelly succeeds in beating Robinson, and killing Tilden, and losing the Democracy in New York, how shall it help on the Field boom? Or, if it succeed so far, and Field is nominated for President, how shall we elect him, or—for the matter of that—anybody? Yet, Dorsheimer has made some lucky "draws" in his time, and has shown skill in playing a small hand.

Ladies, Delicate and Feeble.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain are permanently removed. Will you heed this? See "Truths."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

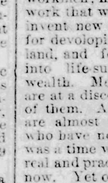
PRESCRIPTION FREE

For the speedy cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excesses. Any druggist has the prescription. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

GENERAL EFFECTS OF

FELLOWS'

Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites



The first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion, and causes the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It also, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. Its effect on the mucous membrane is such that easy expectoration is produced, and even the air passages are easily voided of the secretion already deposited, but its collection is carried off in a healthy manner, while the formation of tubercle is retarded. The rapidity with which patients gain flesh while under the influence of the syrup, of itself indicates that another preparation can be better adapted to help and nourish the constitution, and hence the conclusion in all depression of spirits, shaking or trembling of the hands or body, cough, shortness of breath, or consumptive fears, the nerves and muscles become strengthened and the blood purified.

Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

Speedily and permanently cures Congestion of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Consumption, Nervous Prostration, Shortness of Breath, Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Hands and Limbs, Physical and Mental Depression, Loss of Appetite, Lack of Energy, Loss of Memory. It acts with vigor, gentleness and subtility, owing to the exquisite harmony of its ingredients, akin to pure blood itself. Price, $1.50 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Wedding, Kinnan & Co., Agents.

The Markets.

General Produce.

DETROIT, Sept. 30.—Flour—Market is firm. Wheat firm; extra, 115@6c; No 1 white, 115½c asked cash and seller October, 115¾c bid seller November; 115½c seller December; milling No 1, 112c asked; amber, 112½c. Receipts of wheat, 124,000 bu; shipments, 54,000 bu.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 29.—Breadstuffs—Flour—less active. Wheat unsettled and feverish; western rejected, 123c; No. 2 red elevator, 128c. Corn in good demand; receipts and offerings light; western high and low-mixed, 53@56c; yellow, 60c. Oats less active; mixed western, 33½; white, 34½@35½c.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 30. — Flour, $5 25@6 00. Wheat held easier; 107@112c. Corn firm at 41c. Oats firm at 29@32c. Whisky easier at 106c. Provisions—Pork steady at $9 25@9 37½. Lard quiet and unchanged at $5 95. Bulk meats quiet; shoulders, $3 25@3 50; short ribs, $5 75 bid; $6 00 asked. Bacon quiet and unchanged at $4 00@6 00@6 75.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 30.—Breadstuffs—Wheat—market unsettled and declined 1¢@3¢; noon board closed firmer at 107c for hard; 105c for No 1; 104c for No 2 cash and seller September; 104½c for seller October; 107c for seller November; 97c for No 3; 90c for No 4; 85c for rejected; receipts, 160,000 bu; shipments, 21,600 bu. Corn—Market quiet at 36½c for No. 2. Oats—Market firm at 26¾c for No 2. Rye—market firm at 62c for No 1. Barley—Market dull and lower at 66c for No 2.

BUFFALO, Sept. 30.—Wheat—Market unsettled and lower. Sales, 15,000 bu; No. 1 hard Duluth at 115c; No 1 White Michigan at 110c. Corn quiet and steady; sales, 10,000 bu No 2 mixed western at 46c; Kansas, 46½c. Oats scarce; no sales No. 2 western at 3 car track. Rye in active. Barley dull. Canal freights lower; wheat, 5c; corn, 3½c. Receipts—flour, 11,810 bbls; wheat 34,534 bu; corn, 200,508 bu. Shipments by rail—flour, 12,950 bbls; corn, 1,000 bu. By canal—wheat, 179,088 bu; corn, 98,452 bu. Grain in store—wheat, 518,118 bu; corn, 561,250 bu.

TOLEDO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, Oct. 1.—The decline which followed the rapid rise last week was only temporary, and unsettled market has been active and higher until now, when there is a slight reaction, prices being quoted as follows: Spot Amber at 113c; seller October, 113½c; seller November, 116c; seller December, 116c. No. 2 Amber, 111¼c. No. 1 White Michigan at 114c; No. 3 do, 113c; No. 2 Red Wabash, spot, 112½c; seller October, 112¾c; seller November, 114½c; No. 3 Red, 107c; Rejected, 111½c; No. 2 Amber Illinois, 110c; Western Amber, 114½c. Corn dull 42¾c for High-mixed; 42cc for No. 2 White and 41¾c for Rejected; No. 2, seller October at 41¾c. Oats quiet; No. 2 at 28½c; Rejected at 27c. Clover Seed steady at $4.45.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—Cotton—Is easy at 10⅜c for middling uplands. Flour—Quiet; receipts, 24,000 bbls; Sales, 12,000 bbls; common to choice extra state and western, $5 05@5 25; Round Hoop Ohio, $5 00@6 50. Rye Flour is steady at $3 90. Wheat—Receipts, 350,000 bu; exports, 4,000 bu; sales, 2,000 bu; sales, 104,000 bu; No 1 White, cash, 124½c. Rye quiet at 79c for State and Canada. Corn ½@¾c lower and dull; receipts, 176,000 bu; sales, 50,000 bu; 50@52c for Western Mixed. Barley quiet. Oats quiet; receipts, 31,000 bu; sales, 33,000 bu; 35½@37½c for mixed western; 39¾@41c for white. Pork firmer at $9 25. Beef firmer. Lard steadier at $6 45@. Butter—9@28c. Cheese—6@11½c. Whiskey—110c. Sugar—6¾@7c. Tea—18@70c. Petroleum—Crude, 5½c; refined, 7½c for refined. Tallow—6c. Coal firm. Leather fairly active. Wool quite active.

CHICAGO, Sept. 30.—Wheat—Market unsettled and generally lower; No. 2 red, at 108¾@110c; No. 2 spring, 104½c cash; 104½c seller October; 97½c seller November. Corn—market easier; 33¾c cash; 33¾c seller October; 30¾c seller November. Oats steady; 29¾c cash; 26½c for seller October; 25¾c seller November. Rye steady at 58½c. Barley, 52c cash. Pork unsettled and higher; $8 50 cash and seller October; $8 40 seller November; $8 80 seller January. Lard firm and higher; $5 25 cash and seller October; $5 05 seller November; $5 27½ bid seller January. Whisky at 106c. Hogs—Receipts, 20,000 head; light, $3 50@3 70; heavy packing and heavy shipping, $3 50@3 80; shipping, $3 45@3 75; culls, $2 50@3 40; butchers' and packers', $3 70@3 85. Cattle—Receipts, 2,500 head; prices steady at $4 00@5 00; butchers' dull and lower; through Texans and westerns almost unsaleable; goodly supply and no demand.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 30.—Flour—Market lower to sell. XX, $4 70@4 90; XXX, $5 00@5 20; family, $5 30@5 60; choice to fancy, $5 70@6 00. Wheat unsettled and lower; No. 2 red, 104c cash; 103½c seller October; 112¾@113¼c seller November; 113¾@113¾c seller December; No. 3 Red, 101½@102c cash. Corn dull; 35c asked and 34½c bid cash; no options; nominally ——c seller November; ——c seller December. Oats higher and cornered; 25¾@26c cash; 25¾c seller October; ——c seller November; ——c seller December. Rye better at 61c. Barley unchanged. Whisky firm at 106c. Provisions—Pork lower at $9 00. Dry Salt meats nominal; clear ribs, $5 10@5 30; clear, $5 50@5 55. Bacon quiet; clear ribs, $5 70@5 80; clear, $5 95@6 00. Lard quiet at $5 40. Receipts, flour, 3,000 bbls; wheat, 54,000 bu; corn, 2,000 bu; oats, 24,000 bu; rye ——bu; barley, 19,000 bu. Shipments—flour, 13,000 bbls; wheat, 9,000 bu; corn, 1,000 bu; oats, ——bu; rye, none; barley, 1,000 bu. Hogs firm and unchanged; mixed packing, $3 55@3 60; Yorkers to Ba